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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1900.

NO. 28

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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THE FICTION NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

(AUGUST)



will be specially remarkable this year for the richness and variety of its contents and the number of illustrations. There will be five notable short stories (illustrated); a most timely and interesting article by Richard Harding Davis, "Pretoria in War Time" (containing an important interview with President Kruger); eight pages in color by Henry McCarter; a Poem illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; a very entertaining instalment of Mr. Barrie's great serial, "Tommy and Grizel," together with the usual Departments, The Point of View and The Field of Art.

FIVE SHORT STORIES:

Mr. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON contributes "Tito; the Story of the Coyote Who Learned How," in which he describes the puppyhood and education of this clever little animal in his usual sympathetic manner. He tells of how it learned the ways of men, and how by its remarkable shrewdness it avoided their lures, and founded a new race. There are a number of illustrations by the author.

Mrs. EDITH WHARTON whose novel, "The Touchstone," has been one of the most successful of recent stories, contributes the "Duchess at Prayer," a story of Old Italy. It is full of fine character drawing, and strong in its dramatic interest. Maxfield Parrish has made a number of beautiful illustrations for the story.

SIDNEY HERMAN PRESTON a new writer in the Magazine, has written the story of "The Green Pigs," a most amusing narrative of the adventures that befell an amateur farmer. The illustrations, by Mr. A. B. Frost, are among the very best by this master of the humorous.

JAMES RAYMOND PERRY in "My Love Story," tells of the troubles that a young literary man met with in fulfilling his wife's request to write a real love story. The illustrations are by H. C. Christy.

GEORGE A. HIBBARD'S little comedy, "A Matter of Opinion," is admirably adapted for the use of amateur actors, and is most ingeniously planned to avoid tedious memorizing of



"SUSAN CUNNINGHAM"
Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy



long parts. There are a number of pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Henry Hutt.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

having gone over to the Boer side, writes of "Pretoria in War Time," and describes a remarkable interview which he had with President Kruger.

"MIDSUMMER"

is the title of eight pages, in color, by Henry McCarter, in which he has sympathetically interpreted some of the most beautiful aspects of nature.

THE ART FEATURES

of this issue surpass in richness and variety those of any "Fiction Number" hitherto attempted. Beside the cover in ten colors, and eight pages by Henry McCarter, above mentioned, there will be found a wealth of illustration by such well-known artists as:

A. B. FROST
E. C. PEIXOTTO
BERNARD PARTRIDGE
ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON
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H. C. CHRISTY
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"THEIR EVENING SONG"
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MIRROR IN PARIS.

American visitors in Paris will find THE MIRROR on sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera.

HADJI ABDU EL YEZDI.

THE above was the name of the imaginary individual from whose imaginary poem Sir Richard Francis Burton pretended to have translated his poem, the "Kasidah." This fiction is alone responsible for the claim that Burton's poem was a literary hoax. The Hadji Abdu was Burton and, if we judge by Burton's successful pilgrimage to Medinah and Mecca, he was as good a Hadji, in all the formularies, as the best of them. The story of Burton and the setting forth of the "Kasidah's" philosophy have been printed in the twelfth number of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS, under the title of "A Gipsy Genius." The tale of Burton's life is a romance, and the romance is finely topped off with the agnostic poem by which Burton will live rather than by his famous unexpurgated translation of "The Arabian Nights." The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. Subscription for one year (twelve numbers) 50 cents.

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REFLECTIONS.

The Chinese Situation

UNITED STATES troops will be in China for a long time. It will take a long time to determine what kind of government shall be established in China. The rivalries of the European Powers will cause procrastination and, maybe, war. The United States will have to maintain a force to back up its opposition to any possible dismemberment of China. The collapse of Chinese force upon the arrival of the allies may be taken as an indication that the Powers will not have much trouble in exacting indemnity for outrages on ministers and missionaries, but the collapse may possibly be the means of strengthening the determination of some Powers to seize territory. There is no doubt that it will be difficult to restrain Russia from taking advantage of the situation to grab territory, and Germany is not inclined to modesty. This being the case, it is easy to see that the stand of Great Britain and the United States against partition might result in a war. However the situation may be looked at, it is clear that the United States will not soon be out of the muddle. An immediate withdrawal of American force is absolutely out of the question. The best that the Administration can do, at present, seems to be to await the progress of events.

The Quiet Life

AMID the clash of arms, the falling of kings at anarchists' hands, presidential elections, strained international relations all the world over, the quiet life asserts itself in the announcement that the Macmillan Company will issue soon an *edition de luxe* of the works of Walter Pater. This means nothing to *hoi polloi* or the strenuous lifers, or "the man in the street," but it means a great deal to the world of thought and to the few who find delectation in the perfect phrase. Walter Pater is a cult. His supreme concern was not with material things, but with thought and feeling and its perfect expression in great transition times. He was a greater than Ruskin, though quieter, more contained, more reasoned. His criticism goes deep into the things of the times with which he concerned himself and his language is such that it conveys impression not by definite strokes but by its combination into an atmosphere in which the reader feels things rather than reads them. Walter Pater is unintelligible to the person who wants his statements flat. Pater seems often to say a thing most effectively by trying not to say it, so refined and rarefying is his qualification. His style is the subtlest known in English and of delightful charm even at its utmost diffuseness of reticence. It is good to know that, even while the nations are given over to the convulsions of *weltpolitik*, there are people who are concerned to procure a fine copy of "Marius, the Epicurean," "Gaston de la Tour," the "Imaginary Portraits," "Appreciations" or "Plato and Platonism," to read of Marcus Aurelius, Ronsard, Giordano Bruno, Montaigne, Wordsworth, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci as they appeared to the Oxford recluse who looked, in Rothenstein's portrait, like a Tenderloin saloonist, and who wrote subtleties finer than the spirit of sense about things intangible and ineffable, in a style so subdued to calm that it seems the musing of some critic-philosopher in the Garden of Proserpine by streams of sleep.

Conger on the Stump

FETCHING Minister Conger home and putting him on the stump for McKinley and Roosevelt would be a cheap trick, and it is to be hoped that the saner heads of the Republican campaign committee will squelch the enterprise. Conger was imprisoned at Pekin as United States Minister, not as a Republican spellbinder. If the Administration cannot get enough credit out of the relief expedition, with-

out parading Conger about the country, the matter had better be let alone. There is no need to fire the popular heart on the Chinese question now. Mr. Conger on the stump would be a trick plainly to be seen through, and it would react against the Republican party.

Half-Cocked

IN the dog days there is a general tendency among the people who talk for and to the newspapers to go off half-cocked. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, for instance, has gone off half-cocked in criticism of the Rev. Braddin Hamilton. The Rev. Hamilton spoke well of the rich. Mr. Page took the other side of the argument, and said quite picturesquely that New York society was led by divorced and doubly divorced persons, and that they were a bad lot generally. Whereupon the Rev. Hamilton comes back at the novelist with about the only sensible utterance one has heard from a preacher for a long time. Rev. Hamilton declares that New York and Newport society is not led by the divorced folks. The divorced people are simply tolerated because they are related to the other people. Rev. Hamilton admits that there are bad eggs in society; that there are people in the swell set who are foolish and wicked and depraved; but he insists that they are not the majority and that their example is not followed. He draws a distinction between the real people in society who are decent and unsensational by pointing out that the mere fact that certain papers exploit the fast set as the only genuine society does not make it so. The Rev. Hamilton makes a good, common sense case against the too-previous Mr. Page. He also makes a good case on the yellow newspapers, for the yellow newspapers are the influence responsible for the dissemination of the idea that modern high society in New York is but a reproduction of the incidents in Geo. W. M. Reynolds' novels that were so popular with boys of nineteen or twenty some years ago.

Drink in Society

MRS. LEONORA M. LAKE, of St. Louis, is being harshly criticized for her expressions at a recent temperance gathering to the effect that the drink habit was a growing evil in society, because it was making such progress among women. Mrs. Lake can stand the criticism, however. She is right. The testimony of most people in society is to the effect that drinking among women is steadily on the increase. The testimony of the physicians in any large city is all to the same effect. The observer of women at the fashionable resorts in all cities knows that women drink more than they ever did before, and that girls not yet "out" can sometimes carry an elegant load without wavering. The grocer man knows how much liquor goes in the grocer bill each month disguised as some staple, and the druggist, too, could tell strange tales about the consumption of liquor by women. Mrs. Lake has used strong words in sweeping sentences on the subject of liquor-drinking women, but, in the opinion of those best qualified to pass upon the truth of her remarks, there is no doubt that the evil is as great as she says and that strong speaking is necessary to awaken women generally to a sense of the danger that lurks in the punch-bowl at receptions or the "pick-me-up" between meals.

The St. Louis Ball Team

NOW that Mr. P. Oliver Tebeau has resigned the management of the St. Louis ball team and Mr. John McGraw has taken his place, we shall see what we shall see. A team of star players has been going down hill for some months. The explanation given was simply, "hard luck." But it is whispered on the quiet that the real explanation has been too much "hard cider." Whatever the reason for the poor showing of the St. Louisans it is to be hoped that Manager

McGraw will locate the evils and rectify them as promptly as possible. This is the greatest base ball town in the country and the people are willing to patronize generously a good team. There is money in good ball playing for management and players and if Manager McGraw can pull the team out of its rut and land it within hailing distance of the top, he will be the city's idol. The people are inclined to lionize him now, but he must produce results. As for Mr. Tebeau, it is probable that he did the best he could under all the circumstances and that his only failing was his disinclination to enforce discipline with the necessary vigor at all times against some players with whom he had been associated for years. If Manager McGraw can keep the players away from the juice of the corn, the hop and the grape, at night time, he will soon have the team in shape. Despite his quibbling denials Mr. McGraw is now responsible for the team's work. His ability will now be tested.

The Late Mr. Huntington

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON was a fiend incarnate in nine out of ten newspaper articles about him, until he died. Then the abuse turned to gush and we are told that he was one of the greatest of modern Americans. The fact of the matter is, that Mr. Huntington was neither devil nor saint. He was a business man who used any and every tool that came to his hand to accomplish his ends. He was neither more nor less scrupulous than most of his rivals and associates. If he wanted men, he bought them. If he saw a thing he wanted, he grabbed it. He crushed competitors and when he had the whip hand, as he had it for years over San Francisco, he never showed mercy. He could give as generously as he could grasp closely. He was a corrupting influence in politics all through the West and he was all powerful at Washington, where it was his influence alone which succeeded in delaying the construction of the Isthmian Canal. It is granted that he did a great deal for the development of the West, but the least said about some of the means to his ends the better. Mr. Huntington never thought he was doing anything particularly wrong when he was buying men he wanted. He was simply playing the game as the conditions called for the play. He "got there" and nothing pleased him more than to boast of it. He liked to talk and he generally talked sound sense, but in all his explanations of how to get wealthy he never went farther than a few apothegms that have been familiar in the copy-books for years. With all his faults, Mr. Huntington was a man of scope. He had vast ideas. He carried them out. In doing so he hurt some few people who were generally out to hurt him, and, in the main, he did decidedly more good than bad, and he was decidedly an improvement on most of the other Californians of wealth in the matter of social cleanliness.

Boycotting Mr. Bryan's Book

THE silliest thing of the silly season thus far is the declaration of a boycott on the books written by William Jennings Bryan because they were not set up, printed or bound by Union Labor. If the charge were true Mr. Bryan is not responsible for the kind of labor employed by his publisher. And the people at large will not believe the Nebraskan connives at scabbing. Who would defeat him must combat his ideas, not his personal and private dealings.

The Boer War

BRITISHERS are disgusted and dazed by the generalship of the Boer leader, De Wet. He seems to do about as he pleases with the English forces pursuing him. Most of the time he seems to be pursuing them, and his occasional raids are singularly successful. The British have done very little effective fighting since the capture of Cronje. It is significant that the Boers can sally forth and cut off a thousand English and then make their escape unscathed. The burghers rarely lose a gun. Their heavy artillery seems to be whisked about among the hills and dales without any trouble. De Wet is the greatest guerilla fighter of modern times, and his achievements in the past

three or four weeks have been such as to make the British generals ridiculous in the extreme. From all accounts the war in the Transvaal is "over" just about as our war in the Philippines is over. It is all over the country. The Britishers are finding out that the Boers may not be so much concerned to kill British soldiers as they are to wear them out, leading them on wild goose chases, cutting off stray detachments, and, in a general way, making the war vastly expensive. It is no wonder that the English press begins to write about Roberts and Kitchener in the same sarcastically scornful vein in which our journalistic military critics wrote about Gen. Otis in the Philippines.

The Powers Verdict

CALEB POWERS has been found guilty, as accessory before the fact, of the assassination of Governor Goebel of Kentucky. His punishment has been fixed at life-imprisonment. It is rather strange that an accessory should be convicted of a crime in the perpetration of which no principal has ever been named. It is strange, too, that the Kentucky jury should not have assessed the death penalty against a man the jury believed guilty of murdering a popular idol. There is something decidedly off color about most of the features of the Goebel murder trial.

The Endeavor Convention

THE experience of the Christian Endeavorers in their European tour are useful as pointing out again the unwisdom of such gatherings. That the Endeavorers and other young persons organized into religious societies mean well, and that their annual gatherings may be productive of some good, cannot be denied, but the opinion of sane men and women is, that the danger of such assemblages very often outweighs the moral good. It is not wise to throw young people of opposite sexes together far away from home, and with only such superintendence as one or two people may give to a group of perhaps 150. However that may be, the management of the European tour was something to call for the severest condemnation. The Endeavorers were left abroad without food or shelter, and the wonder is that the results were not much more disastrous than reported. It should have been known to those in authority among the Endeavorers that the disaster to the German steamers at Hoboken would have resulted in just such inconvenience and suffering as has been reported, and the men of affairs should not have taken the excursionists abroad upon any such makeshift arrangements as were offered by the agents who exploited the tour. The parents of Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers and others should be careful hereafter how they let their children go to these religious conventions. There is always more or less trouble of a milder degree than in the present case, but there is graver danger that religious men have detected in such gatherings, and it would be well for the clergy to devote some thought to the matter with a view to diminishing the size of the gatherings and providing such accommodations as shall not pack the young men and young women so close together as they have been packed in the past.

Ingalls

JOHN J. INGALLS was a master of invective. But it is a snide fame. Invective is the easiest thing in the world to write. Ingalls was a good deal of a political fakir. He went to the Senate as the result of a "job" put up on Pomeroy. In the Senate, Ingalls did nothing for anybody. Now and then he waved the bloody shirt. His greatest achievement was the scarification of Voorhees. But Voorhees was an easy mark. His next greatest achievement was his plagiary of Massillon in a eulogy upon Congressman Burnes. Ingalls inaugurated the fashion of sneering at Grover Cleveland. Later we found out why. It was because Ingalls believed honesty in politics was an iridescent dream, and that the decalogue had no place in the political scheme. Ingalls was, in the main, insincere. He was a trimmer when he thought to catch the rising tide of Populism that finally swept him out of the Senate. He was a yellow statesman, and he ended his days a yellow journalist, say-

ing the bright thing in preference to the right thing, and the harsh thing rather than the kindly thing. He had a bilious, bitter brilliancy, but he had neither depth nor breadth. He cultivated a vocabulary much as did the late Mr. Brann, of Texas, but he was deficient in the unction of life. He was a thoroughly picric personality, with a great gift of word-mongering. He was one of the precursors of William Jennings Bryan. Kansas enjoyed Ingalls as long as he was a good "ad" for the State. Then it dropped him and took up with the Sockless Simpsons and the Whiskering Peffers. Ingalls was probably unjust to himself. His heart was not as sour as his speech. He had more faith, probably, than he cared to confess. He was a victim of his own brilliancy, and when he might have been a power he succeeded only in being picturesque.

To Missouri Democrats

REMEMBER Stephens! Remember the Fulton Insane Asylum scandal! Remember the Excise Commissioner scandal! Remember the Police Board scandals in St. Louis! Remember the Nesbitt election law iniquity! Remember the passage and signature of the Street Railway Consolidation law! Remember the failure to suppress disorder in St. Louis during the strike! Remember that Stephens allied himself openly with the Trust Lobbyist in a fight to go as delegate-at-large to the National Democratic convention! Remember that Phelps showed up Stone as a lobbyist who "sucked eggs, but hid the shells!" Remember that Democratic administration has, as Col. Richard Dalton shows, put up the tax on farmers while keeping down the tax on corporations! Remember that Stone and Stephens and Phelps and Dockery sat down on Mr. Bland, at Springfield, in 1898! Remember that the triumph of Dockery represents the triumph of the same old gang that has dominated Democracy for twenty-five years, and that has excluded from honors all young men who would not be tools! If the decent Democrats remember all these things when they go to the polls on election day they will vote for the Democratic Presidential electors and scratch Mr. Dockery, candidate for Governor. Missouri Democracy admits the evils of Stephensism and Stoneism and Phelpsism. If it think at all, Missouri Democracy must know that the election of Dockery will mean all those things over again and worse. The defeat of Dockery by decent Democrats, remembering all these things, would be a Democratic victory.

Zazagony.

THAT was a "lovely" story in the Sunday *Republic* about Mrs. Leslie Carter and her leading man, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Stevenson's wife, Kate Claxton. The story was published in, probably, a dozen prominent papers besides the *Republic*, in different sections of the country, and its edification must be wide spread. Mr. Stevenson from mock love-making with Mrs. Carter has proceeded to real love-making. The wife of Mr. Stevenson has watched it all. She knew Mr. Stevenson's curves in love-making, and knew it was the real thing he was giving Mrs. Carter in "Zaza." And finally her judgment was confirmed when she received a letter from her husband, asking that she allow him to obtain a divorce in order that he might marry the Titian-haired actress. It isn't so much the story, however, as the way it is told in hectic, hysterical fashion. Stevenson the actor is made out to be a hero. Every sentence is calculated to heighten sympathy for him in his position, tied to one woman and loving another. The ravishing beauty and supreme genius of Mrs. Carter are dilated upon at length. The back-numberism of Kate Claxton is another mitigating circumstance in Mr. Stevenson's favor. It is plain that the writer of the story, and, therefore, the paper that prints it, think that it is a shame that Miss Claxton should stand between Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Carter. It is clear that Miss Claxton should get out of the way. Her obstructionism, it is intimated, is likely to have a bad effect upon the art of Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Carter—poor things! How can they act when they are so near and yet so far? Their genius must suffer by their mutual deprivation of each other. Desire gnaws at

their vitals and cannot be satiated. "One must have known pain to play *Zaza*." Ah, indeed! Great pain! Why does Miss Claxton make them suffer so? It is especially hard on theatrical persons to be separated by those viewless barriers of convention. The *Republic* has deep sympathy with the tragedy of the situation in which the eminent actor and the two actresses find themselves, but it evidently believes that it is a duty Miss Claxton owes the stage to "get off the earth," so far as Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Carter are concerned. Mr. Stevenson's letter to Miss Claxton telling her that she is no longer "it" in his heart is "noble" and "pathetic." The *Republic* makes Miss Claxton realize that Mrs. Carter suffers for want of Miss Claxton's husband. "Ah, to act so, Mrs. Carter must have suffered." All of which, as said before, is "lovely," especially in a high-toned family journal like the *Republic*, which won't allow the racing reporter to say "a mare dropped a foal," or the coursing reporter to call a female canine by her natural name. But, I suppose, it's all paid advertising matter, preliminary to another season of Mrs. Carter in "*Zaza*."



The Twelfth District

For the benefit of the very estimable gentlemen who "view with alarm" the nomination of Mr. James J. Butler for Congress, it is here asserted that the chances are that Mr. James J. Butler will be elected. The practical politicians of both parties are for him. His Republican opponent, Mr. Horton, is believed, however justly, to be the creature of Mr. George W. Baumhoff, the Transit Company manager and Republican boss. Mr. Horton will not receive the votes of working people in this district because of his Transit Company connections. Mr. Horton is not the superior of Mr. James J. Butler in ability and Mr. James J. Butler is not the horrible example many people have conceived. Mr. Butler's nomination, dictated by his father and jammed through by a servile committee, is not more reprehensible than Mr. Horton's nomination, dictated by Baumhoff and jammed through by the Baumhoff committee. The people responsible for any "disgrace" there may be in the election of Mr. Butler are the people who failed to present another candidate. The same sort of people is responsible for Mr. Horton's nomination. The "respectables" said absolutely nothing prior to either nomination. They let the conventions go by default. They permitted two nominations which they now denounce as bad. The nominations, bad as they may be, are not as bad as the bad citizenship which kept silent while the nominations were being made. The fact is, that Mr. Horton's election would be as great a disgrace as Mr. Butler's, for Mr. Horton represents the boodle boss of the Transit Company, and Mr. Butler's nomination represents nothing more than the affectionate pride and ambition of his father, the boss. The nomination of "Jim" Butler is the most creditable, because the most unselfish, thing in the old boss' career. The situation is a tough thing for one of the greatest districts in the United States. But the district deserves it.



The Miles Mystery

WHAT malign fate pursues General Nelson A. Miles? He is the head of the army, but never at the head in the fighting. He has, so far as the public is aware, no voice in the direction of affairs in China. If he knows anything about the situation in the Philippines he carefully conceals it. He managed not to be where glory waited in Cuba, and his invasion of Porto Rico was like a scene from a comic opera. While Pekin is falling Gen. Miles figures in the newspapers as designing new uses of gold braid in uniforms. So far as the country knows, Gen. Miles has nothing to do with the army. This state of affairs is a mystery. Is Miles shelved because he sprung the embalmed beef scandal against Alger? Do the great industries that were affected by that exposure continue to use their influence to keep Gen. Miles in the background? To the unprejudiced observer it would appear that Gen. Miles is either the victim of a powerful cabal, or there is some good reason why he is not sent to the front. But if, by any possible chance,

Gen Miles is incompetent, he should be retired, and if he be the victim of a lot of schemers who cannot depend upon his "standing-in" with contract steals it would appear to be the part of an honorable man to resign and let the people know the truth. Surely Gen. Miles must appreciate how his attitude appears to the people, how he seems to be a Gilbert and Sullivan character in real life. The Miles mystery should be explained. Maybe Marcus A. Hanna could explain it from his list of subscriptions to the present Republican campaign.



Slaughter of the Innocents

THE slaughter of men, women and children by the street cars of this city is something appalling to contemplate, while the maimed and injured in the course of a week make up a list of casualties that would be impressive after a good-sized battle, and the wrecking of vehicles is the ordinary incident of a day's run of a car. This slaughtering, maiming and wrecking should be stopped. The street railway syndicate must not be excused for Juggernauting on the theory that it has lost its experienced employees as the result of a strike. It is the company's fault if it is burdened with incompetent employees, and incompetent employees imply incompetent general management. If the authorities cannot force the syndicate to be more careful of life and limb and property there is little consolation in the reflection that, as the result of the conditions growing out of the strike, the syndicate is likely to fare badly at the hands of juries in the damage cases growing out of the horribly frequent accidents along the lines of the road.



Archbishop Ireland

THE Archbishop of St. Paul, John Ireland, has spread more consternation among the ranks of those who have accused him of leadership in a schism in the Catholic Church, known as "Americanism." Last Sunday he preached before Pope Leo a sermon in which he declared unequivocally in favor of a restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. This must effectively squelch the rancor of the so-called Cahensleyites. Looking at the matter from a non-religious standpoint, Archbishop Ireland's declaration on the feast of Saint Joachim is a piece of daring and picturesque politics. Coming immediately after the assassination of King Humbert, of Italy, and with the accession to power of his son, the sermon by an American prelate, and one high in the councils of the dominant American party, must prove something in the nature of a bombshell. It notifies the world that the Papacy never surrenders and that there is a strong element in the newest World Power that favors the Papal policy of independent temporal sovereignty. The sermon will strengthen immeasurably the church, or "black," party in Italy and it may be that the new king, in order to maintain peace in his dominion, will make some concessions to the Vatican with a view to enlisting the power of the Church in the work of allaying the discontent of the Italian masses and suppressing Italian anarchism. When all the great Powers are discussing the complications in China, there arises the voice of an ignored Power which is greater in China than them all, which has its subjects all over the world and which must be reckoned with as a force for the maintenance of social stability in every government under the sun. The Church of Rome thus asserting itself at this time means that the Pope resents the parceling out of the earth without consulting the interests of his followers in every part of the world. Italy would not have sent delegates to the famous Peace Conference at the Hague if there had been accepted any delegation from the Vatican. Now the Vatican proclaims, through an American, its rights as a Power. It is plain that the proclamation is made in the belief that such complications will arise in the East between all the great Nations as must call for some sort of arbitrament other than that of arms, or, at least, before the resort to such arbitrament. The Vatican wishes to be heard, to have a voice in the matter of the readjustment of the East. Will the Powers listen to the

Vatican? Who can say? The Vatican does nothing haphazardly. And, perhaps, the ultra-Catholicism of Archbishop John Ireland, in Rome, before the Holy Port off himself, at this time, is not wholly without design to help the American political party with which Archbishop Ireland is aligned, to prevent a Catholic stampede to Mr. Bryan, because of the alleged maltreatment of the Church in the Philippines, and, of course, eventually, to make secure the vast interests of the church in the former Spanish archipelago. The United States needs the Church in its business in the Philippines, as much as the Church needs the United States, and all the Powers need the Church in China, for the Church of Rome has there more converts than all the other churches put together and multiplied many times. The Church of Rome has its communicants high in power in China, even if disguised. It has a vast force, therefore, which it can so utilize and direct in support of the Powers as to aid them very materially in the restoration of peace and order. The Pope is the greatest politician in the world, and all other diplomacy is the most ingenuous child's play when compared with the diplomacy of the Vatican. The Protestant world will probably protest against any recognition of the Roman Church in any way, but it may protest till the end of time and the diplomats of the Vatican will be in greater or lesser measure, in more or less open manner, participants in the shaping of the destinies of the Nations by sheer force of brain and the application of the knowledge it has gained of the world through all the centuries from its devoted servants in every cabinet and council and parliament that has been known. It is that wisdom which prompts the renewal of the temporal sovereignty claim now, when Italy is weak and the Church can claim to be the only secure institution in the land. It is that worldly wisdom which prompts the declaration of the temporal power doctrine when there is apparent a greater need than ever for a neutral Power, to settle the differences of nations that converge to a mighty clash. And it is the supremacy of skill that the declaration should be made by the one man in the world who has been supposed to be the soul of the one movement which seriously threatened the unity of the Catholic Church. The American schism or heresy vanishes at a breath, and we behold the Church one, and strongest at the point where it was supposed to be weakest. Whatever one thinks of the Catholic Church's claims to be the repository of the true faith, it is impossible to withhold admiration from the politics it plays when it indulges in the game at all.



The Prurient Picture Machines

WHY do not the police of this city and of every large city suppress the slot machines that exhibit indecent pictures? Is there too much money back of the machines? The writer, on Sunday last, heard a girl of not more than eleven years, in front of one of the local picture-machine parlors, describing to her companions the things she had seen, and her recital was enough to chill the blood of the hottest sport that ever went down the line, although the manner in which her companions received the tale was even more horribly impressive of the evil that is being done by the machines. If that little girl's story, as she told it, were printed in the MIRROR, the authorities would not allow the paper to go through the mails. Yet the parlor before which the girl was standing was filled with other boys and girls and the little ones were actually fighting to deposit their pennies for a peep at scenes of disgusting lubricity. At one of the gardens where such nasty pictures are displayed it is positively horrible to see young men and their sweethearts looking at the representations of things that no girl should see. The nasty slot-machine is an evil that calls for the smashing of every machine wherever found. Last Thursday, after the appearance of the MIRROR, the police announced that the filthy picture machines would have to go and the proprietors of the parlors would be arrested. But none of the machines has been stopped. None of the managers of the parlors has been arrested. There is no difficulty in finding a law to reach the machines. There are laws against indecent

exhibitions. There are ordinances against maintaining nuisances. There are dozens of ways of getting at the corrupting enterprises. The police authorities should try some or all of those ways, for the evil is one that cannot possibly be overestimated. A powerful corporation controls all the machines in question and it may be putting up money to some one in this city and other cities for protection, but if there be no check put upon them soon, it is here predicted that the machines will be destroyed by vigilance committees of maddened parents. The pollution of the minds of children is a crime than which there is none greater. Its consequences are colossally terrible; they follow in future generations. The prurient picture machines must go, even if it become necessary to print the names of the stockholders in the great concern that makes money off the defilement of the little ones, in order to show the foulness at the base of their wealth.



Once More For Reform

THE appropriation of some money to begin building a new City Hospital is being worked up as a great achievement of the present municipal Administration of St. Louis, but that won't go with the people. A new City Hospital is not the only thing needed. We need a new Insane Asylum, a new Poor House, a new Female Hospital. We need new streets and alleys and clean streets and alleys. We need an extended water service and a purer water. We need more sewers. We need money to keep the parks in order. We need everything that a city could possibly need. And we are expected to be grateful because we are to get about one-sixth of a new City Hospital. St. Louis has no money for anything but the politicians, for the money for the City Hospital is found by taking it from other necessary work that will not now be done. The appropriation bill cut everything but the pay of the political workers who don't work for the city. The Democrats howl that there would be plenty of money if the different municipal departments would dismiss their useless employees. The Republicans cry that there would be money for everything if the Legislature had not passed a law permitting the Police Board to increase the force and take the pay therefor from the City Treasury regardless of any other necessity of the city. So that the politicians are agreed that there would be plenty of money were it not for the politicians. This should give the citizens the idea that the way to remedy the condition of affairs is for the citizens to get together and get rid of the politicians altogether, so far as possible. If the citizens were to organize an Independent movement and elect Independent candidates men could be put in charge of the various departments of city government and reduce the pay roll enormously without dispensing with the services of any efficient, necessary man. If the city should be run on business principles the pay roll could be cut almost forty per cent., and no harm would be done, for the men who draw pay without doing work are not benefited in the end by such pay. The city of St. Louis can never be the city it ought to be until there is a better system of government for the city, and a preliminary step to a better system of government must be the election of better men. The city of St. Louis is out at elbows and down at heels, as the *Post Dispatch* says, echoing the MIRROR'S articles of six months ago. Why is it out at elbows and down at heel? Simply because the money raised by taxation is not honestly spent on the city. If the money raised by taxation were put into public work, and not into the pockets of ward workers exclusively, we should have better streets and, having better streets, those streets would be lined with better and more handsome houses. The city has fallen behind terribly in public work in the last ten years. In order to improve the city as it should be improved, the city may have to increase taxation and it may have to borrow money, but there is no sense in borrowing money to give to political gangs or in raising taxation to make more fat-salaried officers. The people of this city, or of any other city, do not object to taxation if they get anything for their money. They kick at taxes because they see no result of taxation

but an army of idling city employees and a swarm of police that is highly inefficient in all emergencies. There never will be any reduction in the number of salary-grabbing employees while the present policy of party organization prevails. The parties are simply aggregations of tax-eaters. One gang wants to get in and another gang wants to stay in. Meanwhile the taxpayer sees the town out at elbow and down at heel and knows that the money he puts up in taxes is not applied to the general good. The City Departments eat up more money than ever and do less city work than ever. The police force has been increased and its pay has been increased, yet the force is not as good as it was with three hundred less men at less pay. It will not do, therefore, for the citizens of St. Louis to oust the present municipal gang and instal in their places the representatives of the police crowd. It would be only to change the name of the system of loot. The two gangs are talking about a willingness to put up good men. The talk is calculated to deceive. The good men nominated will be pledged to take care of the men who nominate them, to give them the jobs, to create new places. The reform of the administration of St. Louis cannot be accomplished by substituting for the Ziegenhein machine the Jefferson Club machine, no matter how respectable a set of figure-heads the machine puts up. And it will not do to let the Ziegenhein gang nominate a set of respectable figure-heads who will keep the gangsters in office. And it will not do to oust Harry Hawes from the presidency of the Jefferson Club and let the institution be run by practical politicians like Col. Ed. Butler, Col. Bill Swift, or Col. the Hon. H. Sam Priest. The city will have to spend money on itself for the World's Fair. Either political gang will spend much of the money on itself before doing anything for the city. No political gang should be entrusted with the expenditure of so much money as we shall have to spend to put our house in order for the world's call in 1903. If the people who believe in good government and the people who pay the taxes are deluded into joining hands with the politicians of either party they will find that the result will be a worse administration than we now have and not a better one. While it is true that there are many people who will always vote for the candidates wearing their party name, it is the present writer's belief that there are enough people of both parties and no party, who are disgusted with the rut into which the city has been run by one party and another, to elect an independent ticket next spring, if they make up the ticket with care in a convention that shall be truly and widely representative of the people. Both parties will make an attempt to get the independent vote, but the independent voter must remember that when he gives his vote to party managers they are done with him. The party managers want the offices. They don't want to spend money on streets or sewers or alleys or water-works or hospitals or poor houses or asylums. They want to get as many men as they can into places in which there will be nothing to do, at a fine salary. That is just what the independent voter doesn't want. He wants the city economically administered. He wants the city made more attractive, more healthful, more habitable in every way. He doesn't want all this for itself, perhaps, but because it may make it more easy for everybody, including himself, to make a living. St. Louis lags behind because there is nothing about the city to attract people here to make a home. The city looks like a village. Nobody now comes in to put money into the town. The deadly dull prospect displeases. If we had good streets and fine city buildings, we should have more people here and more money, and more of the joy of living here. But the city must continue to repel visitors until such time as we can put men in office who will see that money issued to improve the city is expended for that purpose. Four years of intelligent administration, with a World's Fair about the time the administration had struck its gait in getting things done, would send St. Louis ahead fifty years. Unless there is a good prospect of such an administration, unless here is a reasonable likelihood that the city will be well administered and generally improved by a generous but judi-

cious expenditure of money, we might as well not try to have a World's Fair at all. A World's Fair in a city such as we have to-day, administered as it is to-day, administered as it will be if we turn it over to the present spoils-gang, or to another spoils-gang, would make St. Louis the laughing stock of the civilized world. We have got to make up for the neglect of years, for the incompetence and wasteful extravagance of years. We cannot do it under the auspices of partisan machine men who do not care for any feature of government but getting the coin out of the treasury into the pockets of themselves and their followers. The way to reform St. Louis is to sweep out all the politicians and run the city for the World's Fair term on business principles, for the credit of the city and for the credit of ourselves.



Seventeenth St. Louis Exposition

WHEN the seventeenth annual Exposition opens on the 17th of September, less than a month hence, the public of St. Louis and surrounding country will be greeted by more novelties than have ever been gathered under that immense roof before. Not only will the Coliseum be filled with attractive novelties, but all over the naves new life has been infused into heretofore hackneyed exhibits. In the Coliseum will be found Director Seymour's Band of fifty pieces, giving four concerts a day. A magnificent electric fountain with living statues is another attraction of this vast space, and an airship will be set sailing about the place twice a day. All the great tournaments announced will come off in the Coliseum, such as the grand Military Drill, a brilliant event of early October, the Athletic Carnival of Sports and Games, in September, and other gala events instituted by local organizations for special days. In order to make those special days as popular as possible, Manager Atkinson will grant great reduction for blocks of tickets in lots of one thousand and over. The wholesale houses and the large retail institutions of the city are availing themselves of these concessions, and a number of large business houses have had tickets bearing their advertisement printed for complimentary distribution among their friends and customers. The four great national celebrities, McKinley, Roosevelt, Bryan and Stevenson will visit the Exposition on days named after them, the exact dates to be announced later. The Tissot collection of paintings of the life of Christ is the principal feature of the art galleries, which will also contain a collection of paintings of the Mississippi River, loaned by Professor Sylvers, at the request of the Exposition management. Col. John D. Hopkins has leased Music Hall during the Exposition period and will have vaudeville shows of the highest character, at the popular prices of 10-20-30c, with which his name is identified in the history of the popularization of the American theater. The Belgian hare exhibit is another promising feature of the year's big show. The special days and the space for individual exhibits are rapidly being taken up, and those who want to avail themselves of the many special privileges and advantages offered by the management must come in quickly.



Sartorial

DISCUSSION of the shirt-waist man still rages, but he continues to increase despite satire and abuse, and accusations of degeneration. Nothing can resist the charm of the shirt-waist on a man who knows how to wear it, and has that graceful breadth of beam which appropriately gives fullness to his trousers. Mr. Edward L. Preetorius, business manager of *Die Westliche Post*, is a poem in a shirt-waist; to gaze upon him is to think of Heine's "The Pine and the Palm." He has made the shirt-waist instantly acceptable to all of South St. Louis, so that the garment is permissible even in the strikers' wagons. Mr. Preetorius' shirt-waist of material in the colors of the Boer flag is more beautiful than the kaleidoscopic coloratura of Webster Davis when orating about Oom Paul, while another shirt-waist of white, dotted swiss, worn by Mr. Preetorius, at the Union Club the other evening, was so pure in suggestion as to convey to Mr. Herman Haeussler the idea that the

THE LAND OF FAMINE.

INDIA'S UFFERING, ITS CAUSE AND ITS ALLEVIATION.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

"Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly king—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain.
Look westward! If they please, the gods shall bring
Their mercy with the rain.

"Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-bank?
Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field, and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!"

man who could wear it without any anachronism was the man to run for Mayor on an Independent ticket next spring. Mr. Preetorius has worn his special make of shirt-waist with great eclat in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and New York, and where he has passed the shirt-waist cult has sprung up behind him and swept the people away with enthusiasm. Mr. Preetorius has done more for the shirt-waist in practical application than any man in the United States, and as the result of his example the attire has been adopted by the Hon. Carl Schurz, Hon. Oswald Ottendorfer, and Congressman Richard Bartholdt. Judging by the Democratic press, the German-Americans are the only people in the United States to-day, and, therefore, the shirt-waist is secure, now that all the German-American leaders have indorsed it. Lovers of the shirt-waist, however, must remember that it never might have attained its vogue had it not been for the "hot shape" of Mr. Edward L. Preetorius, which, by the miraculously wise beneficence of Nature, was built especially for the occasion. Man and hour met. Mr. Preetorius is the supreme word, sartorially, just now. Therefore when he tells the MIRROR that he finds no fault with the net or gauze or lace shirt-waist for ladies it may be taken for granted that the crusade inaugurated against the latter garment by the cold, Calvinistic, Caledonian, Joseph A. Graham, of the *Republic*, will be futile. Mr. Graham's opinion cannot stand long against that of Mr. Preetorius. Mr. Preetorius also declares that it grieved him greatly to read the too bitter truth in the first dispatch on the third page of Tuesday's *Republic*, to the effect that American ladies in Europe are pained by the lack of fit and shape in British stockings and underwear. It is too true that American ladies abroad are subjected to great discomfort in trying to wear stockings of short knee length and without the side supporters so common in this country. As for underwear, the British lady apparently knows nothing of the artistry that is put into such intimate habiliments in this country. British seamstresses cannot even copy from American models in this matter. If President McKinley should be re-elected, Mr. Preetorius is going to urge the appointment of a commission from this country to civilize the English in this respect. As a great pro-Boer, Mr. Preetorius believes that England never could have been guilty of her coercion of the burghers if the Englishmen had not been married to women whose stockings and underwear lack fit and shape and finish. Men so situated are natural savages. There's nothing to keep them at home and they go forth into the world picking out little people to jump on, just to give vent to their feelings. Mr. Preetorius declares that the American shirt-waist, and American undergarments, are going to bring about eventually "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." Mr. Preetorius, however, wishes it distinctly understood that, while he favors the shirt-waist for men, he would go no further in that direction. The net or lace shirt-waist would be as impossible as masculine adaptation of the *lingerie* in which the United States woman so conspicuously excels her British sister.

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The Crime Wave

THE crime wave has struck the country, but, however, the psychologists may attribute the outbreak of crime to the hot weather, the bald fact remains that the chief cause of the crime is "booze." It is good to let the lush alone when the thermometer is either above or below zero.

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The Floppers

NOW is the time to emerge from obscurity. Announce that you have been a life-long Democrat or Republican, but you can't stand Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley, as the case may be, and will vote with the other side, and fame is yours. You will be called a leader though you never even led trumps in euchre. I am under the impression that these leaders who are flopping just about keep the parties balanced. But what would partisan journalism do in the dog days were it not for lauding the fellows who flop to their side and scorning the fellows who flop to the other side?

Uncle Fuller.

It seems natural and appropriate to quote Rudyard Kipling when one has anything to offer about that vast old East Indian Empire, which his genius more than that of any other writer has brought closer to the reading world. Indeed, it is to him that it is due that civilized nations have learned to take a closer interest in India and her peoples. It is rather strange that even to those who, like the writer, have passed years in India, the causes that produce the periodic famines are still unknown or, at least, only guessed at. The average Anglo-phobic finds in the terrible catastrophe proof of the failure of Great Britain to provide, as a good foster-mother should, for her suffering children. He ignores the fact that, from the earliest recorded history, these famines have always occurred and, in the centuries before British rule, were attended with mortality lists beside which those of the past century are utterly insignificant. A Hindu writer, who flourished half a century before the East India Company's "factory," or first trading-post, was established on the banks of the Hugli River, describing the famine that raged for four years in the Dekkan and Central provinces, stated that *eleven millions* of people died during that period! It is to be remembered that, under the rule of the native potentates, maharajahs, rajahs, begum or rani, not the slightest effort was made either to provide against the famine years or to assist the sufferers. Sir William H. Rattigan, of the Famine Commission, writing of the famine of 1770, says: "A native official said, 'There can be no remedy but in the mercy of the gods,' so the people were, as of yore, left to die by the thousand," they and their rulers, with true Oriental fatalism, believing that having incurred the anger of the gods, the only thing to do was to submit patiently.

That famine of one hundred and thirty years ago was the first of which there is any reliable record—and an awful record it is. "Fields of rice became fields of dried straw." The starving people of the province of Behar, and the district north of the Ganges, devoured their seed grain, then lived on the foliage of the jungle, then on grass, and finally—*horrible dictu*—on the corpses of those who succumbed. In these districts three millions perished in one year!

In the year 1781, just eleven years after, there was a famine that lasted two years and was most severe in the Presidency of Madras and the Carnatic.

Eleven years after, again, in 1792, there was a famine in the Madras presidency and in Baroda, that, next year, "spread" into the province of Koch (or Cutch, as it is marked in some maps) and this periodicity inspired some scientists to suggest a connection between solar spots and droughts.

Speaking of the famines during the last two decades of the Eighteenth Century it is pleasant to recall that it was during these visitations that the East India Company, which then represented the British Government, began to recognize their responsibility toward the sufferers and started public works to provide employment for coolies (laborers) and ryots (farmers) which have been continued ever since, in ever-increasing extent, during each recurrence of famine.

Regarding the alleged causes of these famines it is in order to offer a few remarks. First, that alluded to above, the theory of periodicity. Those writers who support this theory claim that when the minimum number of

spots appear on the face of old Sol the famine is likely to rage in Southern India and that when the maximum number appear the North and Northwest provinces suffer. Thus, in 1837, when one of the severest famines occurred in the Northwest provinces, including Oudh, Mirut, etc., it was a year of maximum sun spots.

Strangely enough, several of the authorities who have written from the standpoint of experts do not attribute the famines to the failure of usual rains, the wet monsoon. One of them, Mr. Danvers, (E. I. Gov't Blue Book, 1878) especially makes this claim. On the contrary he attributes famines to the destruction of crops caused by storms and floods. Another cause is the devastation of rats and swarms of locusts. Some facts regarding the famines of the past thirty years, however, do not bear out Mr. Danvers' disclaimer. The Bengal famine of 1874, for example, came after a deficient rainfall, and a very hot dry monsoon that dried up the crops. Likewise the famines of 1877, and 1896 to 1898 were the result of the failure of the wet monsoon.

It may appear somewhat strange that, while one of these causes may be assigned as the reason for a failure in one province, or district, (with a population of say, two millions) the adjoining provinces, in which none of these causes prevail, should also suffer. This sporadic increase of the catastrophe is caused by the immigration of the sufferers from the "infected" province to the adjoining one, which is blessed with normal harvests, but becomes famine-stricken with this invasion of hunger's army of sufferers.

One point is notable in connection with this subject and it is that populations dependent on cereal crops are always at the mercy, so to speak, of climatic conditions. In India, in any specific district, there is but one crop, as a general thing, but even where it is otherwise the failure of the monsoon, a visitation of locusts or rats will cause a famine.

To the American farmer who follows one crop with another, whose orchard or whose cattle may supply the deficit caused by the failure, partial or total, of his cereal crop, such disaster as comes to the Hindu ryot by the loss of his one crop of rice is not easily understood. This one-crop failure had a bitter meaning to the Irish peasant-farmer when the potato-disease first made its appearance.

How to provide for and obviate these periodic famines is a problem which the Government of India is trying to solve. Since only certain districts are subject to crop-failure in any specific period, it would seem that a remedy could be found in providing famine districts with the surpluse of crops from provinces in which favorable climatic conditions prevail. But lack of the means of transportation is one of the principal drawbacks to this remedy. To overcome it, Government is building railroads, thus providing at once employment for the sufferers as well as increasing the opportunities for a more general distribution of the cereals. Besides these roads, systems of irrigation are in process of construction which, when fully developed, will go very far toward limiting the area that is subject to crop failure. To meet the cost of these engineering enterprises conducted on a vast scale annual appropriations are made on the basis of population—the fund accumulating in years of plenty to meet the extraordinary demands of years of famine. One can form some idea of "the white man's burden" in India when he contemplates the magnitude of the task of feeding 2,250,000 persons daily for one year! Does our friend the Anglophobic believe that, prior to the days of British occupation, any efforts on such a scale, or on any scale, would have been made to relieve such a condition as would affect a district of, say, a quarter of a million square miles in area with a population of 62,000,000 souls? This was what England did three years ago and she is doing better than that to-day. If this enormous system of relief had been the only benefit conferred by its Anglo-Saxon conquerors on India it would have afforded sufficient reason for their rule, but it is but one, though a grand one, of the beneficences that have glorified the British sway.

The system by which relief is afforded to the famine

sufferers is by no means a perfect one, though, considering the vastness of the work, it is far more successful than could have been hoped for. Among the difficulties encountered not the least was the sordid avarice of the native grain merchant. Taking advantage of the necessities of his fellow-villagers this "rogue ingrain" would, in a brief space of time, not only secure all the actual goods and chattels of the laborer, or ryot, but would also make him give bond for labor in the future! Another recognized evil was the assembling in camps of thousands of natives and the consequent sanitary difficulties to be overcome. There, again, was the trouble encountered with the native paymasters who were, and are, too prone to intercept the laborers' wages and swindle them of a portion of their scanty earnings. Gradually, however, these drawbacks to the successful operation of the relief works are being overcome and conditions are growing better constantly.

This system of semi-eleemosynary aid by the Government has been supplemented by private charity. In Great Britain large sums have been collected for the famine sufferers, and in every British colony their starving fellow-subjects have been the objects of a noble sympathy that has taken a substantial form. In this country, too, the charitable farmers of the great West have loaded hundreds of cars with their donations, for kindness is as cosmopolitan as is suffering. Nor must the active and extremely valuable aid afforded by the missionaries in amelioration of the greatest famine of the century be forgotten. As the *avant couriers* of civilization these men have their highest utility and it would be unfair to fail to note that they have done worthily as the almoners of the charity of their Christian supporters.

At the present time the famine extends over 450,000 square miles, with a population of sixty-one millions. Of these at least 5,000,000 are on the relief works, building railroads, irrigation canals, etc. Necessarily all the sufferers cannot be reached in the famine district, but, what with the various agenda noted above, and the efforts of churches, etc., the situation is slowly but surely growing better and the mortality lists lighter. As a matter of fact, India has never had a government which has done so much for the social, moral and physical condition of its people as the Government of Great Britain.

James Irving Crabbe.

POET HENLEY'S RAMPAGE.

POETICAL IDOLS ARE OVERTHROWING.

MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY has gone on the rampage. A recent article from his pen on the subject of Byron runs amuck among the literary gods. Nothing more iconoclastic has been done in criticism since Robert Buchanan attended to Kipling as "the voice of the Hooligan," or, as we should say, of the hoodlum. The article in the *Fall Mall Magazine* is condensed in the latest issue of the *Literary Digest*. Mr. Henley declares that Byron compares only with Carlyle's *Ram Dass*, who had in his belly sacred fire enough to burn up the world. With this fire Byron lighted a conflagration that has not done blazing yet. Byron, he declares, had the poetical temperament as no English speaking man had it since Shakespeare died. Byron was the man of his age and "the men and women his contemporaries were afire with his own unrests, rejoiced and were strengthened in his expression of them and so would have no other bard but him." Mr. Henley goes on to rap Macaulay. "Macaulay's account of Byron's message to the world—that you should hate your neighbor and love your neighbor's wife—is, like so much else of Macaulay, the cheapest claptrap."

Mr. Henley insists that Byron spoke to something in the popular heart of the time or else there would have been no sale of 40,000 copies of "The Corsair" in three days, there would have been no craze over "Lara," "Parasina," "The Giaour" and "The Siege of Corinth." After slap-

ping at some of Mr. Edward Dickey's dicta concerning poetry as "proof and sign of his capacity for writing about everything except literature," and sneering at the present Poet Laureate, Mr. Henley proceeds to blaspheme against Tennyson and scoff at Swinburne.

And Byron's *Kaled*, *Zuleika*, *Haidee*, are they, asks Mr. Henley, so very much more remote from reality than "faintly smiling Adeline," or the May Queen—"with her Robin, and those 'garden tools' and that 'Traviata cough' of hers" and other early Tennysonian beauties? "I trow not," exclaims Mr. Henley; "for these shams signed 'Tennyson' are already dead, and not dead only, but damned—damned to the infernal deeps, with 'Erebus and tortures vile also.' They are not perhaps so dead as the *Laura Pendennis* and the *Esther Summersons* of the epoch. But they are dead, and they are likewise damned, and there is surely an end of them. As dead, but scarce so considerably damned, once we come to think of it, as the Swinburnean ideal which some five-and-twenty years ago we young men that made rhymes went mad to match."

But when Mr. Henley comes to consider Rossetti, he says things that will shock the pre-Raphaelites into a state of coma. Mr. Henley insists that there are numbers in Rossetti's "House of Life" which Byron, had he written them, would have refused to print, and which, accepting them as the work of another man, he could not have read without blushing. "That, being a gentleman, and having decent traditions, Byron would have rather died than sign some sonnets in 'The House of Life' is," to Mr. Henley, "a circumstance beyond the reach of doubt." Byron would have blushed over the cold, bald, peering statement of what happened between Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti, to say nothing of the dreadful story of the lover and husband, his grief, his remorse, his passion, and the recovery of the miserable verses from the buried woman's living, clinging hair. Mr. Henley declares that Rossetti is a tradition and naught else to him. Mr. Henley says, "I know that he was slovenly, that he is sometimes ungrammatical, that there is this to be said against him—this, that and the other thing; all that I know. But I know also that he wrote English: English with a ground bass of Milton and Shakespeare, and an overpassingly fluent treble, touched with slang—if need be; and, therefore, taking in the whole living world of speech." Then Mr. Henley proceeds to make great fun of the Rossettian refrain poems which, it will be remembered, also evoked the scorn of Max Nordau. "What then would Byron have to say about these Wardour street experiments, couched in the right Wardour street strain, of English and sentiment both, which some, too highly cultured to endure or *Donna Julia* or the *Giaour*, were pleased to regard as a great invention in art.

There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim, and tall,
And ever she sang from night till noon
Two red roses across the moon:

and so on for some twenty stanzas? Here is another sample of this same mediaeval bric-a-brac:

The clink of arms is good to hear,
The flap of pennons good to see!
Ho! is there any will ride with me,
Sir Guy le bon des barriers?

"Yet another sticks in my mind, 'God remember Gwendolen,' the refrain of it; which, for its nauseating effect of 'manlihead,' war-worn yet ever-simple, valorous yet ever-mild, were hard to beat. I do not think that this rubbish is read of many nowadays. Yet time was when 'twas regarded as an improvement on 'The Idylls of the King,' and was thought to take you straight back to the age of Chandos and the Black Prince, Chaucer and Froissart, the leaguer of Calais and the stricken fields of Crécy and Poitiers. How do Byron's creations show beside these? And how, think you, would the men and women who dreamed and lusted and aspired with Byron qualify the men and women who took such sorry stuff for a revelation in art and life? I think I could report, an it were made worth my while. But I fear that, even so, the terms would be found unfit for print, and could find no place in this magazine."

Byron, for all his critics can say or do, "remains among the very greatest in English letters, and, as an influence on art in general, can be held only less potent and less lasting than Shakespeare himself." Mr. Henley inquires of what other poet can it be said that his work holds its own? "Does Shelley's? I wonder. Some lyrics apart, I wonder! Has 'The Cenci' never been found out? Do people still find sustenance in 'The Revolt of Islam,' and 'The Witch of Atlas,' and 'Rosalind and Helen,' and 'The Sensitive Plant,' and 'Alastor?' Were these ever anything to anybody? 'I'll not believe it.' Or, if they were, in the days of their birth, are they anything to anybody now, after fourscore years and a surfeit of Tennyson and Browning and Rossetti? Probably, of all the poets who ennobled and delighted the earlier days of this dying century, the best-read and the best-loved is Keats; though Coleridge, 'the universal inspiration,' as I've called him elsewhere, stands far higher than he did in his own day; and Wordsworth, whose philosophy appears on the whole to have served its turn, is still read largely for that philosophy and now and then for his divagations—(God knows how or why!)—into high poetry. On the whole, it looks as though Matthew Arnold had but grasped half the truth when he said that Byron and Wordsworth would head the procession of nineteenth-century English poets into the 'mist and hum of the twentieth century.' It may be Shelley and Byron; it may be Byron and Keats; it may be Byron and Coleridge. But, whoever the one, the other will certainly be Byron."

DEGENERACY OF CONGRESS.

AS A MAN IN THE WOODS VIEWS IT.

WHAT is going to become of the American Congress? Is not that body of law-makers, once so august in character and potency, in danger of degenerating into a confederacy of slavish time-servers and conscienceless spoilsmen, who place the tenure of office for themselves above every consideration of public welfare and equitable government?

It seems to one who lives away out in the Ozark Mountains, a long distance from the National seat of government, that the glory of the ante-bellum Representative of the People has, to a great extent, vanished, and that the average Congressman of to-day, judged by the old standard of public life, is a cheap man of small ideas and very mean ideals.

Is this notion, born of one's rural environment and a superstitious veneration of things reminiscent—a habit some people have of looking backward too credulously in search of the golden age in human affairs? I have sometimes been half-distrustful of the convictions of my retrospection, and disposed to feel that the judgment of the past is never free from the color of sentiment, and that the men and events of to-day are not likely to get justice on account of this prejudice of the emotions in favor of their precursors.

But I recently had a talk with one of the acknowledged leaders of the present Congress—a man whose cold, dispassionate judgment has won for him National fame, a statesman universally esteemed for his personal cleanness and public integrity—and he had the same view of the decay of the greatness among the law-makers of the Nation, and could account for the degeneracy of character in this branch of the public service with a lucid analysis of the political conditions of the times never heard from any campaign platform.

This Congressman sees the efforts of his associates directed to the petty details of rewarding influential constituents, the representative often bowing slavishly to the will of party bosses and to the growing despotism of administrative methods, because such a surrender of individuality has become the price of local patronage, and the spoilsmen at home must be paid if the public servant would hold his seat for another term.

The party machine is now all powerful. The machine

has no conscience and no ideal of patriotism above the loot of a political victory. The local partisan leaders all over the country, who run the campaigns, decorate speaking platforms with the stars and stripes, and print big-worded mottoes on gaudy banners to be carried in street parades by sentimental farmers, really believe that the Declaration of Independence is an obsolete document, and that a successful trick in politics is worth more than all the philosophy of government Thomas Jefferson and his compatriots ever taught. It is utterly sickening to see these little bosses in every county at work now engineering their party affairs. Look at the conspicuous characters in all of the public demonstrations of this campaign and see what a large percentage of those managers of spectacular politics are cold-blooded spoils-hunters or vain lovers of the vulgar honors that decorate the chieftains of a party rally. If the real sentiments of the local bosses were substituted for the mottoes they have the "old farmers" bear aloft in the parades, what a contrast they would make to the gems of political wisdom so often prostituted in campaign pageants!

The Congressman of to-day must keep on good terms with this machine in every county of his district. Almost every active worker in his party is looking for some personal advantage. He is out for spoils in some form and feels that honest, unselfish, patriotic enthusiasm belongs to the credulous country people who have not been initiated into the practical philosophy of politics. When the House of Representatives is tied to such a coarse and brutal constituency as the modern party machine that to-day dominates almost every town-hall and courthouse in the land, when the lawmakers in Washington City must pander to the narrow wishes and selfish ambitions of this gang of spoilsmen at home, it is not strange that such debasing servitude should excite the disgust of one who goes to the Capital of the nation with any high ideals of the dignity that once characterized the American Congress.

A Man in the Woods.

Forsythe, Mo., Aug. 17th.

DOWN IN TEXAS.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS IN THE LONE STAR STATE.

[For the MIRROR.]

WE have been again entertained by the superb histrionics of Mr. James Stephen Hogg in his favorite role of Friend of the People, and none can say he does not do it well. As the inimitable trust-buster, corporation-smasher, and railroad-demolisher he is so plausible as to be almost convincing, and, for his most excellent fooling, the people love him. And he knows well how to touch the "boys." This boisterous proletariat presents to the aspiring political leader no finely organized human mechanism, but such as it is, with all its crudeness, its candid belief in its own infallibility, its vociferous devotion to the hoary shibboleths of the Party, and its unreasoning dread of those abstractions, the trusts, the corporations, and the capitalists, Mr. Hogg understands it as does no other man in Texas. It was this thorough mastery of the whims and passions of his people that enabled him to become again Big Chief of the Democratic Pow-wow. The noisy Texas Democracy, which, a few months ago, was howling itself hoarse for his political rival, has, with surprising versatility, done a somersault, and is again kneeling before the protuberant paunch of the big ex-Governor. It was a manly fight, a supreme struggle for existence against an overwhelming popular uprising, against the best efforts of an organized and determined majority, and the hoots, jeers, and hisses of an ill-mannered mob; but the rehabilitation of the disowned and outcast leader was complete. *Porcus Major* is again in the ascendant, and the star of Mr. Joseph Bailey, though it is the hope of those who look beyond the hubbub of the moment to discover somewhat of the drift of things, has lost much of its lustre.

Everything was propitious for this re-elevation of Governor Hogg to political leadership. In the very hour of his triumph Mr. Bailey had blundered. He had recommended the re-admission of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company to business in the State after it had been declared illegal by the Supreme Court. This was a more serious lapse than any moral or legal obliquity, for there is no more

heinous crime in this good Democratic State than the manifestation of a disposition to deal gently with the accursed trusts. It saved nothing that Mr. Bailey's recommendation was given upon the understanding that the Waters-Pierce Company must first eliminate from its charter the trust feature, and show itself willing to fulfil the requirements of a stringent anti-trust law; he had manifested a willingness to tolerate, and even to deal fairly, with a corporation generally believed to be a part of the Standard Oil Trust. That was sufficient ground for distrust, a blot upon his 'scutcheon, an implication of dishonor. There were hints of shady dealings,—it was said that Mr. Bailey had received a substantial consideration for his influence in behalf of the Waters-Pierce people. It was even suggested that the fine ranch property he has recently purchased had been secured through their assistance. These charges and insinuations stung the young statesman to fury. He came before the convention to plead his cause and demand a vindication, but he was only partly successful. His speech in his own defence was neither apt nor convincing. It was too blatant, too frantic, too suggestive, both of hysterics and histrionics. He was eloquent and masterful, as he is always, his vigorous denunciation of his accusers was lurid with invective and full of superb defiance, but it was both undignified and uncalled for; while his frequent and fervent declamations of his own impeccable honesty, in the very strength and fervor of their asseveration, held a suggestion of insincerity. No one who has followed Mr. Bailey's political career for the past ten years will easily believe that he did or would sell his influence to the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, or to any other person or interest; but such virulent and bombastic resentments of criticism are not likely to enhance his reputation for that calmness and equability of temper which are the wont of statesmen. Mr. Bailey has not been disowned by his people, but his brilliance has suffered a temporary obscurity. For a time he must walk in the broad shadow of the ponderous Hogg.

In the excitement of these more dramatic episodes of the convention, the one issue that is of present and paramount importance to the people of Texas was almost lost to sight. Little was said in open convention about the encouragement of factories, cotton-mills and other industrial enterprises, and what little was said was unfavorable. But whoever looked beneath the froth of political oratory and the effervescent patriotism of the pie-hunters must have discovered a vigorous counter-current of public opinion flowing strongly in favor of these more solid material interests of the State. A healthful and hopeful inconsistency has lately appeared between the political beliefs and the every-day business methods of the people. A wave of industrial enthusiasm has swept over the State, stimulating cities and towns to vie with each in their efforts to encourage the building of mills and factories. It is known that a resolution recommending the exemption of cotton factories from taxation for a period of ten years was presented to the Platform Committee and was seriously considered. This resolution had its inception with the Waco Business Men's Club, and met with the immediate and hearty support of similar organizations in other cities; and there is reason to believe that, but for the opposition of the politicians, it would have been embodied in the platform. And the end is not yet. This is but the first step in a systematic process of industrial education and agitation which will mean more to the ultimate good of Texas people than all this lippy twaddle and gush about the Trusts, the Constitution and the Flag. It means that a better sentiment is prevailing in regard to investments of foreign capital, that Texas people are beginning to believe that the corporation and the capitalist, under proper restrictions, are necessary to develop the material resources of their State, and that the policy of repression and exclusion which has so long prevented Northern and Eastern investors from placing their money in the State is to be abandoned for one of intelligent encouragement and co-operation. It means business and industrial activity, instead of stagnation and sloth; prosperity, instead of hard times; doing things in a practical way, instead of forever talking and theorizing about what might have been or ought to be done.

And it will mean, finally, the passing of Mr. James S. Hogg. For, notwithstanding his blustering claim to be the people's best friend, he has placed himself in opposition to their best interests. It was his fiat of disapproval that smothered the resolution of the Waco Business Men's Club

before it had had a hearing in the convention. He has declared himself eternally opposed to the encouragement of industrial enterprises by State legislation, and promises, now that he has been restored to leadership, to advocate other measures directed against the railroads and other corporations. Most of the present stringent and repressive laws against foreign investors were enacted through his influence. He is pre-eminently a trust-destroyer and railroad-smasher, the good friend—for a consideration—of the people. He is out of touch with the cities and large towns from which comes this demand for textile industries. His rehabilitation is unfortunate and unnatural. He is a demagogue and an obstructionist—a large one—and he must go.

Here is Mr. Bailey's opportunity. Whether or not he will meet the demand made upon him is a question for the future. He has shown some skill in foreseeing the drift of public sentiment, and he is usually frank enough to admit what he sees. He represents a reaction against the Boss, the demand of the people to choose their own leaders as seems consistent with their own interests. He has not, so far, resorted to the arts and methods of the demagogue, but has depended for his success upon the force of arguments and facts. His position in regard to the Waters-Pierce matter, viewed in its best light, may be taken to indicate a disposition to encourage, under legal restraints, corporate interests. He is in close touch with the cities and towns that are showing the greatest industrial awakening, and the men who are nearest to him, personally and politically, are those who are doing most to aid in the material development of those cities and communities. This seems to promise well. If Mr. Bailey can but keep his hands clean and make himself the exponent of this new industrial spirit, there will be no question of his political leadership. But we must hear less of the old watch-words of free-silver and imperialism, and more of the resources of Texas and practical methods of developing them; of internal improvements, waterways, rivers and harbors; and of immigration, railroads and cotton mills. For the era of industrial enterprise has at last come for Texas. Here is Mr. Joseph Bailey's cue.

Waco, Tex.

A. Clark, Jr.

GROWTH OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

FACTS AND FIGURES THAT ARE INTERESTING.

WHILE there is general knowledge that the standard of education in this country is becoming higher, the facts concerning the growth of institutions of learning, says the *Argonaut*, will be a surprise to those who have not closely followed them. A table recently prepared sets forth that last year there were gifts aggregating \$16,644,392 made to universities large and small; given in fortunes and given—in spirit perhaps more admirable—in mites. Even this showing was inadequate, failing to mention Columbia, Stanford, and the University of Michigan; failing, doubtless, to mention others of less importance. There were many notable donations, among them \$3,200,000 to Washington University, St. Louis; \$1,000,000 to Harvard; \$1,000,000 to the Chicago Institute; \$1,049,286 to Chicago University, ever the recipient of bounty. Besides this, Brown, offered \$250,000 by Rockefeller on condition of raising the rest of a million, went \$100,000 over the necessary limit.

There is a distinction between universities, dividing the leading ones into two classes, differentiation being based rather upon the methods of support than of teaching or results. The following statement illustrates the relative standing of these in point of attendance.

State institutions—		Private endowment—	
Michigan	3,447	Harvard	4,947
Minnesota	3,236	Chicago	3,183
Pennsylvania	2,678	Northwestern	2,971
California	2,659	Cornell	2,806
Wisconsin	2,422	Columbia	2,703
Illinois	2,233	Yale	2,700
Nebraska	2,205	Lake Forest	1,349
Iowa	1,438	Stanford	1,331
Missouri	1,206	Oberlin	1,323
Indiana	1,017	Princeton	1,196

The development manifest in the first column is of deep significance. Princeton and Oberlin, well-grounded and prosperous, were in existence long before the University of Minnesota had been founded, and yet Minnesota has nearly three times as many students as either. For this there are two apparent reasons: the State universi-

ties are co-educational, and they are free. Stanford may have drawn from the University of California, but in numerical achievement it is handicapped by the exclusion of women above a certain few hundreds, with an obvious tendency to make the restriction more rigid.

There may be a certain advantage in numbers, but many institutions that, as factors in the educational world rank high, do not approach in attendance those appearing on the list above. Nobody would deny to Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, or Bowdoin a full measure of influence and dignity. Indeed, many would turn by choice away from a college sought by the multitude. All through the East and West are minor colleges, with perhaps an average roll of three hundred, but fully abreast with the times, their curricula modeled after the most pretentious, and their professors fit to fill chairs in any. It has been a handicap to colleges of this sort that their endowment or other resources have been inadequate always to retain the best material in the several chairs, and a professor showing peculiar ability is often lured away by a salary double that he has been receiving.

In the South the educational advance has been slower, but the South has its millionaires, and perhaps in time they will awaken to the necessity of not only providing higher schools, but equipping them richly. In the table of gifts some Southern colleges appear as beneficiaries. In Tennessee there is a total of \$100,000; no mean sum, only seeming small by the side of prodigality. The University of the South gets \$68,000; to Virginia College goes \$75,000; North Carolina colleges share \$415,000; and South Carolina, \$46,000. According to the statements under consideration, the present college population of the United States is 108,983; in all probability, a grievous under-estimate. Yet even these thousands, pouring from class-rooms into the world, their places rapidly filling, constitute a wholesome and potent leaven.

Another side to the picture is the illiteracy that nothing has been able to overcome, nor bring to an encouraging basis. A conference on education, the third of its kind, has just been held at Capon Springs in Virginia, where this subject, reduced to appalling figures, was discussed by thoughtful, broad-minded men. They had to take cognizance of a painful contrast. The average illiteracy among the native white population of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania in 1890 was 2.31, and among the colored 21.71. Mark the difference in eleven States of the South:

	White.	Colored.
Alabama.....	18.44	69.08
Arkansas.....	16.56	53.65
Florida.....	11.33	50.58
Georgia.....	16.51	67.27
Louisiana.....	20.33	72.14
Mississippi.....	11.92	70.91
North Carolina.....	23.10	60.91
South Carolina.....	18.11	64.07
Tennessee.....	17.98	54.22
Texas.....	8.28	52.50
Virginia.....	13.98	57.21

Verily, as the conference concluded, the need of the South is the common school. In the fullness of time it will have its universities, but now it must build from a foundation as yet but partly laid.

THE LOGICAL THIEF.

AN EPISODE IN LIGHTSOME LARCENY.

I HAD come up to London from Bournemouth, and one thing and another had detained me in town; so I determined to return to my little suburban retreat at Alperton for the night and travel back to the seaside on the morrow. It was nearly seven when I arrived opposite my little home. I had to pass it on my way to the general shop, where I had left the door-key for safe keeping. I looked up at my bedroom window, when, to my horror and surprise, I saw the curtains move, then a long thin hand, a man's hand, latched the window and disappeared. For a moment I felt frightened; the evening was fast fading into darkness. My cottage ought to have been, as I had left it two weeks ago, empty, and yet, unless my eyesight had played me some fanciful trick, there was a hand, and if a hand, as a natural sequence, a man. I do not know what made me do it, if it was the outcome of foolhardiness or courage, or extreme nervousness, or a mixture of all three, but I marched to the front door and gave a rat-tat-tat that would have roused the seven sleepers.

If it's a thief he will bolt, I thought, and if—the door opened and a young man in his shirt sleeves stood before me.

"Well?" said he, interrogatively.

"Well," said I feebly.

"Do you want anybody?"

"Yes," I answered. "Is Miss Christine Smythe at home?"

"O yes, she expected you. Step in," and mechanically I stepped in.

"Take a seat in the parlor," said he affably, and here I must apologize to any of my friends who read this. I, Christine Smythe, a woman noted for her strength of mind and immunity from feminine weaknesses, I, who had always derided hysterical and fainting women, well—I fainted.

When I regained consciousness he was standing beside me with some brandy in one of my best wineglasses.

"Drink a little, it will do you good, Miss Smythe."

"You know my name?"

"Yes. Now drink." I did so.

"I will draw the curtains and light the lamp, only don't you move or speak." He said the last three words in such a peculiar manner that I imagined it better to obey him, but I thought I would give a tremendous scream if I could see anybody passing, and I looked out of the window.

He had lit the lamp, and, having drawn the curtains, turned to me.

"I shouldn't do that," he said.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Scream for help if you saw anybody pass the window. I should have to—" and he stopped and smiled pleasantly at me.

"Have to what?"

"Ever see a woman gagged, Miss Smythe?"

"No," I answered. I felt quite a creepy sensation all over me.

"You will excuse my shirt sleeves, but I took off my coat when I was working about the house this afternoon." He sat down on the easy chair opposite me.

He wasn't at all a bad-looking young man, in fact perhaps he was rather handsome, and then his eyes were so ingenuous, his manner so candid.

"I suppose you are wondering who I am!" he said pleasantly.

I looked around the room and my accustomed eye missed my silver candlesticks, my beautiful clock, my bronze statuettes: even the Persian hearthrug was rolled up and stood waiting in the corner.

"Well," I said, "I should think you were a—" I stopped. I was alone in a country cottage with a desperate criminal, and candor seemed strangely out of place.

"Go on," he remarked persuasively. "Remember that you are my guest and that you will be treated with all the deference and chivalry which your charming sex commands, that is, of course, as long as you don't scream."

I did not like to say a burglar, besides he was so unlike one; and as for calling him a thief, I couldn't, and so I compromised matters and said, "I suppose you—are—a—robber."

"Now that is where you are wrong, entirely wrong, and really I am surprised that a young lady who is not the usual brainless female—you will pardon the reflection on your sex—but who has written so clearly and explicitly on the question of capital and labor and on the division of wealth, should call me a robber! Surely, Miss Smythe, the word is misplaced."

I really felt quite ashamed. "It is not often," he continued, "that in the pursuit of my profession I have the opportunity of a *tete-a-tete* with a charming authoress whose books have given me such great pleasure, and if you would allow me to make use of the opportunity and converse with you I should be obliged. Understand me, madam, I do not insist. The few things that I have thought worthy of collection are now mine, if not legally, at least morally. Shall we exchange ideas?"

Involuntarily my eye fell upon a little sack in the corner of the room, peeping out of the mouth of which I could discern the only piece of silver I possessed. I sighed.

"Why sigh?" he urged. "Surely a lady endowed with so much philosophy as yourself has a mind above the trivial exchange of everyday life; or can it be that your books are only a sham? Why, only lately a charming little treatise of yours fell into my hands during a professional visit which I paid one evening to the house of a well-known

money-lender. It was entitled 'The Inequality of Wealth,' a charming pamphlet, most logical and so true." His expressive eyes dwelt upon me with an admiring glance.

I began to feel indignant.

"Surely," I remarked with asperity, "having robbed me of my valuables, you can now spare me your brutal wit."

"O! madam, you pain me. But, with your permission, I will resume my coat."

I made no response, but stared at him in my iciest manner.

"Then, madam," and he put on his coat, "without your permission. But there," he continued, "I am forgetting my duties as a host. Whilst inspecting the lower regions I discovered six half-pint bottles of champagne. Three have gone—the other three are here."

He placed two glasses on the table, fetched a bottle from the sideboard, and continued: "Unfortunately the nippers are downstairs. To procure them I should have to leave you. I could not be so rude—*ergo* we must have recourse to the poker." He poured it out with a steady hand, and I noticed, with a pang, that two rings I had foolishly left upstairs decked his aristocratic fingers.

"It is rather an inferior brand," he remarked, filling his own glass. "Accept my apologies. Madam, may I have the honor to clink glasses with you?"

I tried to freeze him with a glance of supreme contempt. He looked at me reproachfully. "Is it possible," he murmured, "that I am mistaken in you; that your works, which I have studied with such delight and benefit to myself, are merely theoretical; that you who have propounded a scheme perfect in every detail, a scheme by which Dives should share equally with the poorest of his brethren his ill-gotten riches, that you cannot rise superior to the annexation of a silver tea-pot or a little useless bric-a-brac?"—he contemplated the empty mantelpiece and the deserted sideboard.

"Great heavens!" he said suddenly. "Why you must take me for—" and he stopped. "Do you?"

"Yes," I answered promptly.

"A thief or a burglar?" he asked.

"Both," I rejoined.

"You misjudge me; you do indeed. You are very hard, very hard. The few years that I have been in my profession I have had many clients, but never yet have I been called a thief. He heaved a deep sigh, and added, by way of explanation, "You are the first one I have met personally." He took out my little silver watch. "You left it on your dressing-table," he said suavely, in answer to my look of recognition.

"I see I have half an hour to spare, and I will point out to you where you are mistaken, and if you would like to embody my short history in a newspaper article, you have my sanction," and he bowed graciously.

"With your permission I will take one of your essays as the text whereon to hang my sermon. This essay I refer to is entitled 'Our Right to Live.' It is a charming piece of work for a woman—logical, clear, and convincing. There is one passage only to which I will refer. It is impressed indelibly upon my memory." He took up the poker, opened another bottle of champagne, replenished the glasses, drank and proceeded. "The passage is this:—'All men who can work and who will work have a right, a divine right, to live, not exist merely, but to live, and to share freely in the world's superb abundance.' Do you remember that excerpt?"

I nodded assent.

"Well," he continued, "four years ago I was eighteen. I had just left Rugby, when my father, who had occupied a high position as a building society director, passed unobtrusively away to another sphere, leaving liabilities of an odd million or so. The widow and the orphan, the ruined clergyman—in fact, all the imbecilic idiots who had lost all their savings—vented their rage upon me. I was flagellated by the press, cartooned by the comic papers, and verbally assaulted at every street corner, so I changed my name and disappeared. You would be surprised at the difficulty a young man fresh from a public school experiences in obtaining employment. In fact, there is none for him. It was then I came across your little treatise."

"It has only been written a year," I remarked triumphantly.

"Ah, well, someone must have anticipated you. There are burglars in the literary line, you know," and he smiled at me in a manner that made my blood boil.

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"Well, I determined to embark in this profession, which is merely a question of subtraction and addition. For example, you have evidently a watch too many. I have none. I subtract one from you, and add to my belongings. One woman, one watch. Mind you, it is not a calling to suit a lazy man. I have had to work hard, especially during one three months. Well, I graduated by annexing coats. Then I took rooms in a fashionable locality, and was liberal with my patronage to West End tradesmen. Then, in the language of the dramatic profession, I rested awhile, although I was not at liberty. For the last three years I have attached myself to this branch of the business. It seems to me so fair, and involves no hardship for anyone. I only visit unoccupied houses; and when people go away to the Continent or seaside they take all they want. What they leave they don't want. That's when I call."

"You will excuse my interruption," I said. "You have stolen or thieved or subtracted?"—I was very emphatic—"all you want. Now please go."

"Pardon me," he said, "but you mistake our positions. I am your host, you are my guest," he motioned me back to my seat; "and besides"—he stopped and his ingenuous eyes gave an admiring glance at my diamond ring, "we have more subtraction and addition."

"Take it," I exclaimed. "You are a paltry, low, pilfering thief," and I flung my lovely diamond ring on the carpet.

"No, rather call me," said he gravely, "a picker up of unconsidered trifles," and my jewel went into his pocket.

I had worked myself up into a furious passion, and sat trembling with rage and beating the devil's tattoo with my foot. He put his arm on the empty mantelpiece and looked down on me. "Ah, there is no real philosophy in women," he said sadly.

He looked at my watch again.

"Well, I must go. O, by the way, were you going back to Bournemouth to-morrow?"

"Yes; what has that to do with you?"

"O, nothing, nothing, only it is most ridiculous of me. I am really most careless. You see, if you are going back to Bournemouth, naturally, you would go back by rail." I looked up at him. "Naturally you would buy your fare," he remarked, as if he were following out some abstruse train of reasoning, "and possibly you have money, and I daresay—now tell if I am wrong—it is in a purse."

I could not speak. I was dumb with rage.

"I must be frank with you. I am a little short now; in fact, although I have a few things in that sack, they are not immediately negotiable, and you must see the absurdity of me offering a cabman a silver candlestick for a fare. It would be undignified, would it not? I hate to trouble you," and he held out his hand.

"You make my work so difficult," he said, with a reproachful glance.

I gave him my brooch.

"Shall we never understand each other? Allow me to unclasp it."

The bracelet was gone.

"And now, good-bye," he said, holding my hand reverently. "I have often thought of abandoning this particular line of the profession and embarking in a more recognized branch. Colleagues of mine tell me there are many openings in the City of London, as a director or as an outside stockbroker or a company promoter. In that case, Miss Smythe; it may be only 'Au revoir.' I trust I have treated you as a gentleman."

"You are a contemptible, common thief, and low-class burglar."

"O, Miss Smythe, a low-class burglar might have kissed you," he said, reflectively.

I was speechless with horror.

"But not a gentleman," he continued, and shouldered his sack.

"Now, Miss Smythe, I must either tie you in that chair

and gag you, or else you must give me your word that you will not move or speak for an hour."

I gave it.

The outer door slammed and I rushed frantically to the window.

"Miss Smythe."

He hadn't gone at all.

"I am so disappointed in you. I am afraid there is no honesty in women—no truth," he remarked, regretfully.

"Sit down, and now no nonsense," and he gave me one ominous look that made me quail and cower before him.

He tied my hands with a piece of rope, and then quickly and deftly secured me to the armchair.

"I am going to gag you with this," he took a thick anti-macassar. "It won't hurt you. I will see you are released in an hour."

He finished his work and stood gazing at me with sorrow. "Ah, woman, inconsistent woman, philosophy and logic are impossible to you, and you called me a common burglar." He sighed sadly. "Well, perhaps I am," and he kissed me on the forehead.

Agnes Thomas, in *Black and White*.

THE ROSE IN THE HEART.

ALL things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms, a rose, in the depths of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms, a rose, in the depths of my heart.

W. B. Yeats.

SUMMER SHOWS.

GOOD-BYE AT THE CAVE.

At the end of the present week, unless Mr. McNeary decides on a supplementary season, the merry company of players at Uhrig's will pull up stakes and go their various ways. The prima donna, I believe, turns her eyes Castle Squareward, and if Savage and the pulchritudinous Van Studdiford come to terms it will certainly be a good thing for both sides. This charming singer will be an acquisition to any company and especially to one engaged in repertoire work where the jumps from comic to grand opera are frequent and sudden and capacity for hard work and quick study is a singer's essential qualification. Grace Van Studdiford's ability in this direction is little short of marvelous, as the severe test to which she has been put during these hot summer months conclusively proves, and now, at the end of the season, her voice is stronger, fresher and purer than ever and physically she shows no sign of the great strain to which she has been subjected. A succession of ladies so diversified in character as *Leonora*, *Arlene*, *Marguerite*, *Girofle-Girofla*, *Martha*, *Duchess of Gerolstein* and *Zerlina* to be attacked and conquered each in one week's time, with the thermometer toying with the century mark, is a formidable undertaking and one which few, very few, women on the operatic stage to-day could carry through as triumphantly as has this crystalline-voiced soprano. And this week's achievement is by no means her smallest. A romping soubrette in an Offenbach operetta, an ingenue in a pretty sketch by Cellier, and then *Martha* in the farm house, spinning and singing, are portrayed by Mrs. Van Studdiford all in one evening in a manner worthy of the most extravagant eulogies. Hinshaw, too, comes in for a good share of praise for his capital characterizations of a blacksmith, *Bumpus* the beadle, and *Plunket*, and in fact all the singers engaged in this triple bill are doing excellent work, and the audience waxed quite enthusiastic Sunday night, Gertrude Lodge's specialty, in "Charity Begins at Home," receiving the bulk of the applause.

DIXEY AT THE DELMAR.

"Adonis," with Dixey, is a fly-bliester attraction at the Delmar. And the crowds that flock into the pavilion find the same, bright, pretty burlesque, that they have admired before, and Dixey, the same, and yet not quite the old Dixey. It is rather a hot weather Dixey, and, like his famous Directoire suit, a little baggy at the knee. The same graceful bounds and skips, the same bewildering prestidigitatorial maneuverings are there, but the wrinkles about the knees show with it all. He is playing rather loosely, in an "anything goes with this audience manner," but he is, nevertheless, the fascinatingly impudent "Adonis Dixey" of old. His shaving scene is as side splitting as ever, his Irving burlesque, with "It's English, quite English, you know" brought up to date, has lost none of its old-time flavor, in fact, nowhere about the show is there the musty odor one would expect from the age of the piece, and the long time that it has been allowed to rest on Mr. Rice's shelves. However, though the regular Delmar favorites are acting rather as "feeders" this week, Dixey has by no means the whole field to himself. Sloan is running a pretty close second and Clark is

not far behind. The Delmar beauties, Miss Jackson and Miss White have taken songs, Miss Jackson as usual, being florally honored. Begley is a damp, dewey, but none the less sprightly, "Mountain Maid." Altogether, it is by far the best show of the season and should attract the stay-at-homes, one and all.

The Lounge.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

During the last week not a cooler spot could be found in St. Louis than Forest Park Highlands, and when a tempering of the atmosphere is combined with excellent entertainment, the place is doubly attractive. Messrs. Hopkins and Stuever offer nothing but the best in the vaudeville line, and the show is clean and healthy and full of varied interest. This week there are several novelties, chief among which is a charming trapeze act by two tiny artists, Rudolf and Carola, who are here for the first time. The Mouliere Sisters on horizontal bar work are unexcelled. Josephine Gassman not only knows how to sing coon songs better than anybody, but also how to train pickaninnies to suit her act. The Newsboys Quintette, late with Hyde's show, is composed of some very clever singers. Howard's Ponies grow in intelligence and give fresh evidence the horse is as fit, if not a fitter, companion for man than the dog. Frank and Lillian Russel's exhibition of sharp-shooting and knocking black balls from a swinging board with a rifle ball is one of the marvels of the show. With the charming Papinta still at the head of the bill, it cannot fail to entertain even the most fastidious. Miss Murphy, the monkey aeronaut, performs in the grounds, and is doing better every day. Five hundred feet up into the air is Miss Murphy's daily record. This is her last week. Another and high-priced attractive programme is offered for next week.

The Standard Theatre is again in full running order, and the management is presenting in "Irwin's Big Show," a performance that is as hot as the weather. A big audience was in attendance on the opening night, and the boys in shirt-waists were much in evidence. An olio, consisting of Mildred Stoller in catchy melodies; the versatile trio, Bert and Alice Fitzgibbon, and Tom McCoy, in a farce entitled, "A Mischievous Brother," the Clarions, in songs, duets and trios, and the Cornallas, eight in number, lady and gentlemen acrobats, made an attractive performance. Commencing Sunday matinee, August 26, the "Majestic Burlesquers" will hold the boards.

"Adonis" will hold sway for another week at the Delmar. Dixey has a strangely strong hold on the public. His work is clean, and it hits the popular taste, which is neither too high nor too low. After "Adonis" has finished its run, Mr. Dixey will be seen in other successes with which he has been identified. Manager Gumpertz contemplates for a week's bill, after "Adonis," part of "Evangeline," one of the popular revivals, with Dixey as "the lone fisherman," and part of "The Seven Ages," with a vaudeville interlude. The Delmar enterprise is a great money-maker.

At Suburban Garden the feature of the interesting bill for next week will be the Funny Nawns, in a new sketch; Platt and Sutherland, singers, dancers, and instrumentalists; Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, and a big specialty bill. The show at the Suburban grows better with each passing week.

An interesting and puzzling sight greets the visitor to Mount Moriah cemetery, Philadelphia. Some twenty years ago three eccentric men of wealth put up in the most secluded corner three tall shafts of rough-hewn granite. They had been friends a long time and they agreed that as each died his shaft was to be broken and the fragments left where they fell. The second of this trio has just passed away and his column has been shattered, as was that of his former friend years ago. No fence incloses the strange monuments, and no names are carved on the granite.

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FISHING WITH AN OBJECT.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler to a Washington *Post* man, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught."

"No, sah, I reckon not," he replied.

"But you seem to be fishing."

"Yes, sah."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish?"

"No, sah."

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but, as he did not, I finally asked him what particular object he had in view."

"De objick, sah," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—"de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch."

SIGNS OF A MORTGAGE.

A ragman who was gathering up worn-out clothing in the country, purchased a pair of discarded trousers at a farmhouse and remarked to the man of the house as he paid for the stuff he had bought:

"I see, sir, that you are about to lose your land on a mortgage."

"Guess you are right," said the discouraged-looking farmer, "but will you tell me how the Sam Hill you found that out?"

"Easy enough," said the cheerful ragman, as he settled back on the seat of his peddling wagon. "I notice that these old pants are completely played out so far as the part of 'em you sat down on is concerned, but they showed mighty little wear anywhere else.—*Buffalo Evening News*."

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A LAWYER'S CONSCIENCE.

"One man in his time plays many parts."

As a lawyer, Mr. Stanley of Kansas defended a negro murderer, and after his sentence wrote to the Governor a strong indorsement of the negro's application for a pardon. Now, as Gov. Stanley of Kansas, he has had to pass upon a new application for his old client's pardon, and his own letter, written as a lawyer, has been laid before him.

But he refuses to grant the pardon and says that as Governor it is his right and duty to view the matter "in an entirely different light."

This raises the very interesting, though by no means new, question: In the code of legal ethics what does a client's fee buy and what does it leave unbought?—*New York World*.

Teacher—"Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator?"
Johnny—"Can't sir." Teacher—"Correct. That will do."—*Yale Record*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webb have gone to Colorado Springs.
Judge and Mrs. Amos Thayer have gone to Magnolia Beach.
Miss Ruth Espenchied has joined a party of friends at Cape May.
Misses Cora and Gertrude Battle left last week for Eureka Springs.
Doctor and Mrs. A. C. Robinson have returned from an Eastern visit.
Miss Nancy Girardi and her mother are at the Chicago Beach hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Collins are spending some time at Oconomowoc.
Mrs. A. L. Townsend, with her children, has gone to the seaside for a month.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Winter left on Saturday for a month at the sea shore.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foster left last week for a tour of old Kentucky.
Mr. and Mrs. Amadee V. Reyburn, Jr., are sojourning in Hyannisport, Maine.
Mrs. Henry Turner Lee of Columbia, Mo., is the guest of friends in St. Louis this week.
Mrs. Laura Pickett has left Asbury Park, and gone on to Atlantic City and Saratoga.
Misses Mamie and Sadie Dunlap left this week for Dayton, Ohio, to visit friends.
Mrs. Otis Spencer and her sister, Mrs. Walter Allen, are at Palmer Lake, in Colorado.
Mrs. J. M. Stultz who has been visiting friends in Covington, Ky., will return this week.
Mrs. O. H. Peckham is now at Newport, where she will remain until cool weather.
Mr. and Mrs. James Green and Miss Mabel Green are summering at Magnolia, Mass.
Dr. Fayette C. Ewing has joined his family in their cottage in the Tennessee Mountains.
Mrs. H. C. G. Luyties with Misses Gerda and Lillie Luyties have gone to Magnolia Beach.
Mrs. M. C. Butler, who has been at Put-in-Bay, is now visiting friends near Cleveland Ohio.
Mrs. Laura Loker has gone to Chicago, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ward Birdsall Chittenden.
Miss Lucy Hodgman will remain in the White Mountains until the middle of next month.
Mrs. James Drummond has taken a cottage at Petoskey, Mich., for the remainder of the summer.
Mr. D. R. Calhoun and Miss Josephine Calhoun, have joined a house party in the Ute Pass, Colorado.
Mr. and Mrs. John Vogel and family are making a tour of the notable points of interest in Colorado.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Williams with their children are at Mackinac Island for the month of August.
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Grace, with their daughters, Misses Mattie and Lillie Grace, are touring in the north.
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Hughes of the South Side, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Magner of Kearney, Neb.
George Warren Brown has returned from Europe and joined Mrs. Brown at their Wequetousing cottage.
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schulenberg, with their son, left last week for Detroit, and other northern points.
Dr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Hauck and family, have returned from a fishing outing on the Wisconsin lakes.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. McKee, with the Misses McKee, will remain for a time in the White mountains.
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Flannery, with their little son, Master Leon Flannery, and Mr. Theo M. Childs, have gone to Colorado.
Doctor and Mrs. Witherspoon, who have been guests of Mrs. Ferd Kaiser at her South Haven cottage, have returned to St. Louis.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foster and family left last week for Kentucky, where they will make a visit to the Mammoth Cave.
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lee, have returned home from the northern lake resorts. Miss Elmira Lee returned last week from Arcadia.
Mrs. P. D. Cheney after several days in St. Louis last week, the guest of friends, returned to her home in Jerseyville, Ill., on Thursday.
Mrs. Charles A. Cheney of Windsor Place, accompanied by Mrs. J. Rosebrough and Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, left last week for the north.
Mrs. John N. Straat, who was Miss Juanita Johnson, leaves soon for Manila, to join her husband who is Lieutenant of Co. F. 25th U. S. Infantry.
Mrs. Francis Beauregard Aglar, and her

sisters, Misses Susan and Ruth Slattery, gave a german at the Casino at Harbor Point, Mich., on Monday evening. Mr. Charles Bascome and Mr. Staune led.

Mrs. Virginia Kaiser, who has been all summer with her uncle, Maj. D. D. Mitchell, at Governor's Island, is now at Bar Harbor, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond at their cottage.

Mrs. Thomas Williams, who returned home last week from Put-in-Bay, accompanied by Misses Margaret Byrne, and Mollie Barry, will leave this week for Ohio, to visit her sister.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Jennie Alzheimer for the wedding reception of her daughter, Natalie, and Doctor Henry J. Scherk on Thursday evening, August 30, from 8:30 until 11 o'clock, at No. 4101 Maryland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bridgewater have returned from Eureka Springs, and gone to housekeeping at 4632 Cook Avenue. They are entertaining at present Mrs. J. Quincy Newell, of Jennings, Oklahoma, and Miss Jessie Woodward, of Windsor, Mo.

A family party consisting of Mrs. S. F. Hammer, of the South Side, and her daughters-in-law and daughters, Mesdames S. T. Hammer, Jr., H. Hammer, Charles Vogel, R. Salyger and R. Hunicke, left last Saturday on the Steamer St. Paul for the North. Miss Anna Hunicke accompanied them.

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Mr. Albert Wilson Tyler, to Miss Marguerite Loretta Pound, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Pound, of Hutchinson, Kansas. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride's parents Wednesday evening, September 5, at 8 o'clock.

Miss Lillian Graves, of Webster Groves, gave an informal tea on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Edith Nichols, of Cincinnati, O. Miss Graves received, assisted by Miss Kate Avery and Mrs. Biggers, of Old Orchard. Among the guests present were: Misses May Allen, Carolyn Allen, Clara Bain and M. Ferguson.

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BAPTISMAL STORIES.

The London *Telegraph* tells some baptismal stories. A minister was baptizing a boy of 6 years. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy: "You have two very good names and you ought to be a good boy; how did you come by them?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, "we was twins, and the other died."

Another correspondent says: "At Ramsbury Manor there once resided a poulterer's family of the name of Duck. Their son was to be christened and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting to church the nurse ran upstairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off.

"What be going to call un, nurse?"

"Missus says it's to be William," was the reply.

"William be blowed," said the invalid, "call un plain Bill."

"In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plain-bill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly."

Ono Tichiner of Peckham was named under the following circumstances: On arriving at the church his name was not settled upon, and when the clergyman said, "Name this child," one of the friends said, "John," and another said, "Oh, no," meaning not John; and, as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name, and baptized him Ono.

Great Actor—"I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise?" Critic—"Much Adieu About Nothing."—*Detroit Journal*.



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THE MOTOR VEHICLE.

It has been gradually recognized that an enormous field exists for a form of transport intermediate between horse haulage and railway, which, while independent of fixed routes, should possess greater latitude and show economy superior to that of the horse.

The traction engine partially fulfills these conditions, but the one great objection to its employment is that its full economy can be secured only when, comparatively speaking, very heavy loads are dealt with. This objection, however, does not hold good with the auto-wagon, which provides just that rapid and cheap form of independent direct transport for which so great a need exists at the present day. Apart from the pecuniary savings, the benefits following in the train of the general adoption of motor tractions cannot be overestimated. The incalculable boon of cleaner streets, in point of view of the public health, should rank almost before economy, for it has long been a well-recognized fact among medical men that many epidemics, and also that fatal disease, tetanus, are in a very large measure due to the air of our streets forming a medium of suspension for germs which originally find a breeding bed in the predominating portion of the dirt caused by horse traffic in dry weather.

But with cleaner streets, the cost of scavenging will be enormously reduced, and, owing to the absence of that pulverizing action of the horses' hoofs, a corresponding saving in the expenditure for maintenance and repairs of the road surfaces will be the natural result.—*Fred W. Maynard, in the Engineering Magazine for August.*

A favorite story of the "late General Wauchope was of two soldiers in the Gordon Highlanders, one of whom was going into battle for the first time. The crack of rifle fire was heard in front, and the bullets began to fly. The recruit, feeling that his hour had come, shouted to his mate in the front line, "Dinna bob, Geordie, I'm ahind ye."

BIBLES FOR FIRE CRACKERS.

"A few years ago," said a Chicago clergyman, "there went up a great cry for 'missionally Bibles' in the Flowery Kingdom. The demand was unprecedented and thousands of dollars were spent in sending them nice red morocco testaments. This sort of thing went on for a long time, but the number of native converts did not increase accordingly. The missionaries investigated. What do you suppose they discovered?" "They used the bibles for gun wadding?" "No; they made fire-crackers of 'em. Practically all the nicely printed bibles that we were sending over there were rolled up in nice little rolls, a page at a time, and made into firecrackers. The Chinese made firecrackers at home for an incredibly low price and the paper that they were getting free was a considerable figure with them. But it taught us a Celestial lesson, as I might say."

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MRS. LI HUNG CHANG.

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to be the most liberal of all the Chinese women of her position, and through her husband's sympathy with some of the ways of the foreign devils, succeeded in acquiring more education than any woman in a similar place. She is now fifty-five years old. After her marriage to the viceroy she continued her studies under his direction, and has been always the most accessible of the titled women. She has been especially cordial to Americans, chiefly as the result of her experience with the missionary doctors, although she also took the trouble to show her gratitude in a much more material form. Before the French war she was ill with a complicated sickness that her own skill—she had made a study of medicine—and the treatment of the native physicians were unable to alleviate. Two American doctors—a man and woman attached to the missions at Tien-Tsin—were called in, and, through their efforts, she was restored to health. She presented a dispensary to the missionaries at Tien-Tsin, and her husband did the same. But they did not feel their obligations had ended with these gifts, as they have both from that time shown great hospitality and friendliness to Americans. In her way of life (says the *New York Sun*) she has clung, however, with strictness to the customs of her own country. She is said to look after the details of her household administration personally. As more than one thousand servants are employed there, her duties are serious and are combined with her labors as to what would be called treasurer of her husband's property, as she follows the custom of her country and looks after his expenditures. She has made her reputation as a leader in fashion by inventing fifty different ways in which her glossy black hair could be dressed, although it is probable that to the average American they would all look alike. Her feet are as disfigured as are those of all Chinese women of rank, and only by being carried three hours in the fresh air every day is she able to make a pretense at the exercise of European women. Oil of orange and acacia blooms are the component parts of the bath which she takes twice daily, and out of her fifty coiffures her favorite is a style called "The Faithful Dragoness," a beast supposed to be the guardian of all good women. The hair is twisted into the shape of what might, to the ardent Eastern imagination, appear to be a dragon, and in what is intended to be its mouth a white lotus flower is placed.

A PHILANTHROPIST'S DREAM.

The legacy swindle, though constantly denounced by lawyers and newspapers, continues to number its victims by the hundred, but there are few cases on record of the effects of such swindling as the one revealed in a recent proceeding for the annulment of a lease on some coal lands at New Cambria, Missouri. The lease in question was entered into by Rev. Charles D. Browning, a minister of New Cambria, with D. B. Baldwin, the former binding himself for a term of twenty years to operate a coal mine on 400 acres of land belonging to Mr. Baldwin. He was to pay a royalty of 1c per bushel to the lessor for all the coal mined,

and he pledged himself to keep the mine running at its fullest capacity every day except Sunday for the entire twenty years, without regard to the condition of the coal market or the demand for the product. It has been estimated that the price of 1c per bushel on a 4-foot coal vein would bring in a total royalty of something like \$15,000 an acre. Mr. Browning could have purchased the land from the surface clear through to the center of the earth for \$75 an acre or less.

Why the foolish contract was entered into is explained, in the *Macon Citizen*, by a desire on Mr. Browning's part to boom New Cambria and put lots of money in circulation. In the latter part of last year Mr. Browning's wife had been notified by some Eastern lawyers that she was one among a number of heirs of the estate of an old Philadelphia Scotchman, to whom the government had become greatly indebted during the revolutionary war. Her share was moderately estimated at from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Mr. Browning planned this gigantic business operation upon the strength of this assurance. Of course, from time to time he would make small advancements to the learned gentlemen over on the Atlantic seaboard to enable them successfully to prosecute the claim. Mr. Browning lived in a happy atmosphere of hopeful expectancy. He smoked good cigars and talked of millions with the nonchalance of a man used to it. He made numerous contracts, enthused the people with the greatest activity, and really started a first-class boom for the picturesque little town of New Cambria.

The coal land contract was given upon the 16th of January. Mr. Browning ordered a large amount of machinery and set men to work digging the shaft. So anxious was he to reach the mineral wealth that he kept three eight-hour shifts of men continually at work. The men protested a bit against the all-night work during the bitter winter weather, but the dazzlement of big wages when coal was reached led them on. But the old Scotchman's money never found its way into New Cambria, and work was suspended all along the line. Mr. Browning was sore pressed for money, and he returned to the pulpit. No one harbored an ill thought against him, but all felt sorry over his bitter disappointment. As far as he could he paid his workmen out of his scanty treasury, and they were satisfied. He has lately received a call to a Nebraska pulpit, whither he has gone in the hopes of bettering his fortune. Not one charge of unfair dealing is made against him. The plaintiff simply avers that he failed to perform his part of the contract in getting out the coal and paying the royalty, and that therefore the lease is void.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover, which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint, fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.—*New York Tribune*.

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.

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 NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY DRILL.
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A FAIRY TALE.

The fairies were all gathered round a baby's cot; the father and mother, wondering, respectful, listened to the invocations of each.

"Child, thou shalt be beautiful, tall, and graceful."

"Thou shalt be crowned with a crown of gold."

"A hero shalt thou become, crowds shall acclaim thee, and thy admirers shall drag thy chariot in the fervor of delirious enthusiasm. At thy word shall all peoples rejoice or be downcast, shall quake with fear or tremble with joy."

"Poets shall cast their pearls at thy feet. Musicians shall give up their art to the singing of thy praises."

"A hundred heroines shall love thee."

"Poison and the dagger shall alike be impotent to hurt thee."

"Thy fame shall re-echo on the furthest mountain top and sound in the deepest depths of oceans."

The mother fell upon her knees and did homage to the assembled fairies.

Then was the door burst open rudely, and the spirit of the glories of eternity entered.

She spake:

"I cannot take back the gifts of my sisters, but for thy sin in forgetting me shalt thou be punished. Hark to my imprecation: His golden crown shall be made of common card. He shall laugh or be downcast; he shall love—but ever at the bidding of others.

Those who acclaim him shall sternly refuse him the respect due to the merely respectable. The people whose idol he has been shall hurl him down from his pedestal in the moment of his glory, and shall drag him still quivering with the delight of applause through the city at the heel of the chariot of a new hero. The laurels shall fade on his forehead into *immortelles*, and he shall die in misery and in ignominy, forgotten and unwept, leaving behind him neither trace nor memory."

Terrified the father cried aloud:

"What shall he be?"

"He shall be an actor."

Then softly the spirit of death came forward and said, "I, child, will avenge thee. By death the new-born artist shall be buried in oblivion."—*Sara Bernhardt*.

Booker T. Washington tells the following story of a member of the "po'h white trash," who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man. "Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money." Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried. "No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent." "But it don't cost but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry." "I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents." Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. 'Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er der river as on de odder."

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IN THE HAMMOCK.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Goes the hammock in the shade;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
In it lies a little maid.
All the leaves, with joy astir,
Wave and flicker over her;
Underneath, the clovers fleet
Nod and nod, and kiss her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Some one calls the little maid;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
O'er the happy face a shade.
See! the leaves above bend low;
Will she stay, or will she go?
Ah! the clovers lithe and fleet
Are not swifter than her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Back she comes, the little maid!
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
Tenderly the leaves give shade,
And the clovers love her much.
See them crowd and try to touch
Hand or waist or hem of gown—
Maid that minds without a frown!

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Rock her gently, breezes soft!
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
Rustle lightly, leaves aloft!
Clover blooms, that love her much,
Pray stand back and do not touch,
For an hour a love-watch keep;
Little maid is fast asleep!

—Annie Willis McCullough, in *August St. Nicholas*.

THE FUTURE OF ALUMINUM.

The history of aluminum is, in many respects, similar to that of a "boom town" in the West. With its discovery came the circulation of wondrous tales of prospective revolutions, which it was expected to work in manufactures. Then came a sudden descent from these roseate prophecies, which appeared to many persons like the collapse of the "boom." Finally we find the industrial world entering upon a new epoch in aluminum utilization, equipped with a full realization of the exact limitations and possibilities of this remarkable metal.

The aluminum industry proper is not forty years old, although the discovery of the metal was made about three-quarters of a century ago. For years almost its sole use was in the manufacture of toilet articles and semi-ornamental novelties of various kinds.

The progress of the metal has been more rapid in this country than in Great Britain, where its manufacture and sale are controlled by a single corporation. The British Government has utilized aluminum in connection with ballooning and field telegraphing, but has not introduced it in the soldier's equipment or in the transport department.

The United States War Department, while anxious to make use of aluminum by reason of a desire to make our infantry equipment as light as possible, has not had very good success in the experiments thus far made, although it should be explained that they were undertaken before the discovery of the new process for reducing to a minimum the presence of impurities.

Ship building is another field wherein extensive experiments are being made with aluminum. The *Ellide*, the speediest yacht ever constructed in this country, has a framework of the new metal, and not only has it been employed in Great Britain in the interior fittings of ships and for torpedo tubes, but torpedo boats have been built exclusively of aluminum.

The French are already using aluminum extensively in the construction of automobiles, and their example will doubtless be followed on this side of the Atlantic. Although aluminum wires for telegraph, electric light and power transmission have only lately been introduced, hundreds of miles are already in use. The lithographers of this country and Europe would be in sore straits were it not for the invention of aluminum, for the Bavarian stone, which was used exclusively, until a few years ago, for lithographic purposes, has lately shown that deterioration in quality which is the surest indication of an exhaustion of the supply.

The development of the aluminum industry has been phenomenal. Where half a dozen tons were produced a decade and a half ago, as many million tons are now turned out. The price per pound has also dropped from five dollars to less than thirty-five cents. Every clay bank is an aluminum mine, and the ore, which is in the form of an impure oxide and looks like clay, is found in especial abundance in several Southern States.

Many persons incline to the opinion that the fore part of the new century will be the age of aluminum as the past has been of electricity.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

COLORING FLOWERS.

New York florists are displaying some remarkable flowers in their show windows—blue and green carnations, scarlet daffodils, pink lilies-of-the-valley, and blue tulips. So startling are some of these new combinations of colors in old standard flowers, that nobody ever thought of being giddy or vain in their dress (declares George E. Walsh in the *Independent*), that the mind is temporarily puzzled. Floriculture is certainly making tremendous strides every year, but one is hardly prepared to accept the belief that growers of flowers have it within their power to change and alter the natural color of all blossoms to suit their will, or a passing whim of fashion. Yet this is just what florists have succeeded in doing, and in the future flowers can be raised to suit the demands of fashion in colors without much labor. Heretofore it has required years to raise a strain of carnations or roses that would produce a certain fashionable shade, but now what required long time and close application of cultural methods can be accomplished by the florist in a few weeks. But the secret of the process should not be known if we would appreciate the new flowers of the season in all their gay colors, for the illusion once broken robs them of half their value. The newly colored flowers are not exactly dyed. Immersed in dye solutions the delicate blossoms refuse to take the colors. Every solution yet prepared for them has either blotted the leaves and petals, or destroyed them outright. For ten years new florists have been trying to concoct a dye mixture that the flowers would take acceptably, and not be injured by it; but all efforts in this direction have proved futile. Now it is discovered, however, that nearly all of our cultivated plants will absorb aniline solutions through their stems, and under certain favorable conditions the blossoms will receive and retain the artificial color communicated to them through their stalks and branches. Most of our common flowers will absorb the aniline solution in a few hours, and produce wonderful results. Yellow daffodils can be striped with scarlet in less than twelve hours; white lilacs can be turned to a pink or blue in less time; and even the large

double white camellia can be tinted in a few hours. Cyclamens, snowdrops, hyacinths, Christmas roses, tulips, Solomon's seal, daffodils, lilies-of-the-valley, carnations, camellias, callas and similar flowers are artificially colored by this process, and placed upon the market. Even the leaves of plants absorb and retain the artificial colors. Ivy-leaves placed in an aniline solution begin to color in a few hours, and the veins are made to stand out like small lines of red blood. The leaves of many other plants have been found to absorb the dyes just as readily as the ivy, and remarkable effects are obtained. The process is certainly interesting, and, while at present its chief result is in enabling florists to color their flowers at will, it may yet have a practical bearing on horticultural developments.

ONIONS.

The sweet Italian or Bermuda onions are the ones to be eaten *au naturel*, their flavor being much more delicate than the common varieties. But onions are really sweeteners of the breath after the local effects have passed away, as they correct stomach disorders and carry off the accumulated poisons of the system. They provide a blood purifier that all may safely use, and do perfect work in constipation troubles. As a vermifuge the onion cannot be surpassed, and, eaten raw, will often check a violent cold in the head. One small onion eaten every night before retiring is a well-known doctor's prescription for numerous affections of the head, and is highly recommended for sleeplessness; it acts on the nerves in a soothing manner without the injurious effects of drugs so often applied. The heart of an onion, heated and placed in the ear, will often relieve the agony of earache, while



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and goodness knows they've been strong enough lately, do not have as bad an effect if you've drank a bottle of

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the syrup procured from sprinkling a sliced onion with sugar and baking in an oven will work wonders in a "croupy child."

He—"I don't know whether to make a fool of myself playing golf or sit on the hotel piazza and make love to some girl all the afternoon." She—"What's the difference?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

His bait: *Nimrod*—"Pat, did you ever catch frogs?" Pat—"Faith, an' Oi did, sir." *Nimrod*—"What did you bait with?" Pat—"Begor y, Oi bate 'em with a shtick."—*Chicago News*.

LOCAL POLITICS.

Attacks upon Mr. McMath, President of the Board of Public Improvements, for delay in getting about the building of a new City Hospital are positively funny. They are inspired by a desire that Mr. McMath shall receive no credit for the work when done. Mr. McMath, you know, is a friend of Chauncey Ives Filley, and Chauncey Ives Filley is rabidly opposed to the Ziegenhein gang at the City Hall. In fact, I have heard it intimated that Mr. Filley is in favor of an Independent movement against any man who may be nominated for Mayor by the Ziegenhein crowd at the City Hall and the Baumhoff crowds in the street-car sheds and the post-office building. Mayor Ziegenhein actually thinks he can be re-elected if renominated, but he thinks that if he cannot be nominated he can throw the honor to Judge Zachritz. Mr. Filley's organization will be against Ziegenhein or anybody Ziegenhein may favor, and Mr. McMath's attitude towards the rest of the 'gang at the City Hall is simply that of showing the public what a lot of "stiffs" and "flats" the gang are. I understand that Henry Clay Grenner, Judge Willis Clark and some others on the Kerens side of the house have an idea that they can nominate and elect Cyrus P. Walbridge, which would be another thing calculated to make the air blue in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley. There are two other candidates for Mayor, that one doesn't hear much about, probably because they have no recommendation outside of efficiency. I refer to the present City Collector, Charles F. Wenneker and the present Health Commissioner, Dr. Max Starkloff. Either one of these men could go before the public on his record as a public servant and get some votes. And I believe neither would be distasteful to Chauncey Ives Filley.

Under the breath there is whispered in the Jefferson Club the name of a Mayoralty possibility who will unite the party and get the gold Democratic vote. The name is that of Mr. Rolla Wells, and a fine man he is in every way. I suspect that Mr. Rolla Wells is a suggestion from Col. W. H. Swift, who was always a great friend of Mr. Wells' father, Hon. Erastus Wells. Mr. Rolla Wells would look beautiful as a Jefferson Club candidate. I remember he was one of the first men to quit the Club after Mr. Bryan's nomination, in 1896. Do you suppose those pale, intellectual-faced young Kentuckians who run the Club would support a man who, when made president of the first sound-money club in Missouri, made a speech in which he "spat on" the Chicago platform? I don't. The suggestion that Mr. Zack Tinker, the brewer, be nominated for Mayor, has been well-received in some quarters, but Mr. Tinker is "dispopular" in the ranks of the sixteen-to-ones. If the nominee is to be a brewer, why not Herr Anton C. Stuever, who is a brewer, and a good politician, too? Herr Anton would be a fine mark for independent voters, but then he would have the support of the great Julius Wurzburger, who has some sort of an interest with Stuever in Forest Park Highlands. Mr. Harry Hawes will positively not be a candidate for Mayor. He says so. The strike killed off his ambitions. The Democrats are in a bad way for Mayoralty timber.

There is a chance that a certain branch of the Democratic party is going to do every-

thing it can to secure the election of the candidate for Mayor who may be chosen by Mr. Ziegenhein's City Committee. The Ziegenhein crowd is going to support Jim Butler for Congress in the Twelfth District, expecting a return in kind at the next city election. Thus we shall have the two gangs working together for one purpose. One gang is bad enough, but two are too much. It is because of this indication that I incline to the belief that the only solution of the local government problem will be found in an independent movement. If the Independents go with the Democrats the Democrats will put up the Independent nominees and then support the Republican candidates. Therefore, the Independents had better go it alone with a ticket of their own. The gangs are a unit for Jim Butler. They will be a unit later for the Ziegenhein push. When you see it in this column it's so.

Frank Merryman has the call on the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Eleventh District. In spite of all the noise by the opposition, Mr. Hawes claims he has the situation in that district well in hand. Mr. Merryman is a nice fellow and a son-in-law of one of the best fellows in the world, ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, but Mr. Merryman has no money, and the boys in the Eleventh District need "coin." Besides, very few of the boys in the Eleventh District really care to defeat Mr. Charles F. Joy. In my opinion, the man who would give Mr. Joy the hardest fight in the North End would be Mr. O'Neill Ryan, though it is held by some that his name would be too much for the large German element in the district.

It's astonishing how little one hears of the city ticket to be elected in the fall. The party leaders on both sides are "up in the air." Neither side has any faith in the result of the election, nor any great hope either. The leaders find in each party a huge disgust with the men who have been in office. The local races will not be interesting. The tickets will win or lose on the strength of the National issues. This feeling of "in the air-ness" among the leaders is another thing that makes me think that, for once, there's a chance for an Independent ticket to win, next spring. Once get the issue down to one between the Independents on one side and a coalition of the regular gangs on the other and the former would sweep the city. It is my opinion that the best thing that has happened for the furtherance of the independent idea of the MIRROR'S editor is the situation in the Twelfth District. There's gangism for you. There's where the two machines get together to capture the town. The corporations that have been using Mr. Horton in the City Council don't want him taken out of the Council and sent to Congress. They don't know who might succeed Mr. Horton, or how much he'd cost. The corporations, probably, want Mr. Jim Butler for Congress because they love Mr. Horton more. And Mr. Horton has been so serviceable before, he probably knows the men he served don't want to advance him now. The gangs and the corporations are getting together to capture the city next spring. They'll do it, unless our *Uncle Fuller's* advice is taken and a strong Independent World's Fair Progress ticket put in the field.

The Committeeman.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Attention, Tax-Payers

On September 1st, next, I will be ready to receive payment of CURRENT REVENUE TAX BILLS for 1900.

All persons paying same during the month of September will be allowed a rebate on their CITY TAXES at the rate of 8% per annum.

CHAS. F. WENNEKER,
Collector of the Revenue.

JOHN C. ORRICK.

John Cromwell Orrick died, after an illness of over five years, on Tuesday last, at his residence, in Washington boulevard. Mr. Orrick was born in St. Charles county, this State, in 1840. He was an early-day athlete at Harvard. During the war he raised a company of volunteers, of which he was captain, and distinguished himself by gallant services. He was several times United States District Attorney, twice a member of the State Legislature, was once Speaker of the House. He came to St. Louis in 1871, and was a great success at the bar. He shared in some of the heaviest fees ever paid in the Western country. Mr. Orrick was once very wealthy, but most of his possessions escaped from him. He leaves a wife and three children.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Judge Leo Rassieur, of this city, has been chosen Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, at the recent encampment in Chicago. Judge Rassieur is an eminent lawyer, who has been prominent in Republican politics, was attorney for the School Board, and Probate Judge. His election to the highest office in the gift of the old soldiers was unanimous, and the choice is hailed with approval by the leading men of the organization, and by the leading newspapers.

TO KNOW GOOD MEAT.

Let us imagine ourselves before a butcher's block having on it four pieces of beef presenting faces from the round or sirloin. One is dull red, the lean being close-grained and the fat very white; the next is dark red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat white and shining; the third is dull red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat yellow; the fourth is bright cherry-red, the lean smooth and medium-grained, with flecks of white through it, and the fat creamy—neither white nor yellow. The first of these is cow-beef; the second, bull-beef; the third, beef from an old or ill-conditioned animal, and the last is ox-beef. Ox-beef—that from a steer—is the juiciest, finest flavored, sweetest and most economical to buy of all beef. It is called "prime" when the lean is very much mottled with the white fat-flecks, and when it is from a heavy, young animal (about four years old) stall-fed on corn. Beef from a young cow that has been well-fed and fattened is next in merit to ox-beef. Beef from an unmaturred

animal is never satisfactory, being tough and juiceless. It may be easily recognized, as its color is pale and its bones small.—*Ella Kretchmar, in the Woman's Home Companion.*

THE HEAT IN PARIS.

The long, uninterrupted spell of tropical heat, unprecedented in Paris during the present century, is producing most deplorable results. The list of persons who succumb in the streets is lengthening every day, and all the inhabitants and guests in the French capital are suffering real inconvenience from the high temperature. At the same time the water-supply is running short, and the ice manufacturers find it impossible to satisfy the demands of all their customers. There is, however, a yet more serious effect of the prolonged heat and drought. The water in the Seine is not only very low but has, just below Paris, become absolutely putrid. A few days ago all the fish in the river died, it was alleged, from the heat of the water. Efforts were made to collect their dead bodies and to bury them; but they were so numerous that though they were carted away by wagon-loads those which remained floating on the water rendered life in the suburban villas almost impossible. Together with the sewage which flows into the Seine at St. Ouen these dead fish have transformed the Seine at Argenteuil, Bougival, Marly, Croissy, and Chalons into a veritable cloaca. The river inspectors have declared that nothing can be done to improve the situation but to wait patiently for a heavy fall of rain to raise the waters of the Seine and to increase the current which will carry away the putrid matter.—*Public Opinion.*

CLUB-WOMEN AND CITY FATHERS.

No longer do club-women sit around and wait for city fathers to promote improvements only when the municipal spirit moves. They promptly appoint a committee, who put on their prettiest bonnets, and proceed to ask the masculine authorities for their soul's desire, and, presto! there is the desired change. In Atlanta, for instance, club-women who are housewives, for some time, longed for a town market, but this domestic convenience was not forthcoming. The merchants were equally solicitous. Thereupon members of the Atlanta Woman's Club waited on the city council and made captivating little speeches. In consequence Atlanta is to have a town market "right off."—*Bertha Damaris Knobe, in the September Woman's Home Companion.*

Fine Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's

THE VEILED PROPHETS.

The Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, of last Sunday, has a long article on the editorial page, of which the following is the first paragraph.

"The announcement that the Veiled Prophets of St. Louis, who propose giving their annual celebration on October 2, are at loggerheads and in a state of war, all because one faction seeks to elect a certain young lady queen, added to the disgraceful proceedings during the late strike, again call attention to the incapacity of the people of the Sleepy City for united, civic effort. They seem to be overgrown babies or undergrown boobies who are incapable of distinguishing objects from details, and who are liable to ignore what is essential while exalting what is trifling and jejune. The Veiled Prophets celebration has long been considered an imposing spectacle, the which was worth many miles of travel to see; but it has degenerated into a contest for the queenship between factions or sections, into a contest to see whose Mary Ann should wear the tinsel crown and fine feathers and make-believe homage as a make-believe queen for a few hours. So fierce is the struggle each year that the organization is threatened with disruption. We might well overlook the cat-fights among St. Louisans and bear without murmur the loss of the great carnival, did the occasion not reveal a pitifully communal infirmity that may be far-reaching and humiliating in its effect. The notorious petty jealousies, small rivalries and narrow selfishness of the St. Louisans may deprive that city and the country of the proposed Louisiana Purchase Exposition or make of it, like the city that is getting it up, an overgrown ineptitude. Bickering, backbiting, pulling back and criticizing continue, each gang or clan having its hands raised against every other gang and clan, as in primitive society."

Perhaps the greatest paper in the South overestimates the importance of the little difficulty in the Veiled Prophets organization, but at least that publication has more interest in the work being done by the Veiled Prophets for St. Louis than most of the papers published in St. Louis. The petty squabble over the selection of a queen was quite natural. If there were not such squabbles there would be no interest in the Veiled Prophets pageant and ball. The men who put up from \$35,000 to \$50,000 each year to provide a beautiful, free show for St. Louisans and the inhabitants of the city's tributary territory, are entitled to have some excitement over the selection of a queen. Those men up to a short time ago numbered not more than 400. They have recently been increased by the admission of about one hundred more men who said they were willing to go down in their pockets and contribute to a great, free show. The admission of the new members was a good thing, even if, as some assert, the admission of the new men caused the attempt to have a snap election of a queen of a ball. The attempt awakened the entire organization to the fact that the honor of queenship meant something. It brought forth to the next meeting after the publication of the row in the MIRROR a greater attendance than was ever known and a storm of telegrams from Prophets in all parts of the country. The attempt awakened the interest of the dames and belles and the effect is seen in a wider and more acute interest in the pageant and ball. The attempt was a good thing, in the fact that

it produced an editorial comment in such an important publication as the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

The members of the special committee of the Prophets having in hand the work of selecting a queen have the task of their lives. The increased membership of the Prophets means that there are as many more candidates for queen as there are more members, while all the veterans of the organization are disinclined to allow the new blood to run things to suit itself. The whole order is in a stir, and at the meeting on last Monday evening two members came very near having a fight over the question whether the pageant should illustrate the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, or "Alice in Wonderland." The order is really to be congratulated that, after nearly a quarter of a century of work upon the same lines, it still retains enough interest in it to get up half a dozen good-sized rows about it. The Veiled Prophets' idea will be most endangered when its affairs get to running so smoothly that there is no trace of opposition or antagonism to the temporarily ruling committees or officers.

The MIRROR is informed that the Queen of the Ball will be selected, at a meeting of the Committee named for that purpose, at the St. Louis Club, next Sunday afternoon, and that the House Committee of the Club has been seriously considering the revocation of the permit for the meeting as the only alternative to requesting the presence of a detachment of police to keep the peace among those who will surely gather in the beautiful club and try to make a "rough house" in behalf of their respective candidates.

NEW AIR-SHIP.

According to a cablegram in the daily papers, the first authoritative report on Count Zeppelin's airship was made on July 10th, at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Aerial Navigation, by experts who either shared in or watched the recent experiments. They declared that improvements in the steering apparatus were necessary, the one used at present having been thrown out of gear on one side of the balloon, rendering its proper guidance and return to the starting-point impossible. The steering-rods running upward from the car were too weak and became bent. The screw-blades consequently did not respond properly. The air-pressure motors failed, but it was difficult to say whether this was caused by a defect or by bad handling. The method of transmitting power to the screws will need great improvement to enable the airship to contend against even a light wind. During the recent ascent the wind had a velocity of three metres to the height of one hundred meters, and against this the vessel sailed well; but at a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred meters the balloon was evidently driven before the wind. It must be remembered, however, that this was when one of the rudders was out of gear. If the speed of the screws cannot be increased the blades must be enlarged. Another defect was the continual escape of gas, necessitating constant filling up of the receptacle up to the moment of starting. This defect alone will prevent the achievement of the idea of remaining in the air for eight consecutive days, as a single filling costs 1,000 marks. Already more than 1,000,000 marks has been spent on the machine and experiments, of which amount Count Zeppelin furnished about 500,000 marks.—*Science*.

Best watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

SILK MADE FROM COTTON.

These are days when even poor men's wives wear silks, or at all events goods that bear a close likeness to those costly fabrics. Immense quantities of the new-style cotton goods which have the appearance of the product of the silkworm are being put on the market, and the sale of them, under various trade designations, has grown astonishingly.

Although this invention, known as the "mercerizing process," has become of practical importance only recently, it is by no means new. So far back as the year 1844, John Mercer ascertained that vegetable fibres, exposed to strong acids and alkaline lyes, are chemically changed in such a manner as to strengthen them greatly, while giving to them the glossy look of silk. At the same time, however, a shrinkage of about fifty per cent. was caused, and on this account it was decided that there would be no economic advantage in utilizing the discovery.

Since then it has been found that the shrinkage may be prevented by applying the mercerizing solution, of caustic potash or caustic soda, to the cottons while under tension, and that this may be done either with the spun yarn or with the woven material. The stuff is subjected to the treatment until the peculiar lustre appears, and then the fluid is washed away.

As a result of the process, the goods are modified in three ways. They acquire the silky look, they become very much stronger so as to better resist tearing, and they take dyes more readily and satisfactorily, this last point being due to the affinity that exists between the caustic alkali and coloring substances. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that this imitation of silk should have found such favor in the market, its employment for linings being especially widespread, inasmuch as the fashion of the day demands silk linings, or what appear to be such, even for the simplest cloth gowns.

A firm in Lyons, France, takes advantage of the shortening of cotton fibres under non-mercerized treatment by caustic potash to produce in silk webs certain peculiar and very rich embossed effects. The silken webs have cotton threads at fixed distances, which, when the chemical solution is applied, shrink, while the silk, keeping its original length, is gathered in tiny folds. In this way the most diversified patterns are produced.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Wedding Invitations—Finest engraving, best material, correct in form. Mermod & Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and Locust.

TIPS.

The Treasury Department has ruled that tips to sleeping-car porters are a legitimate traveling expense. Contract Nurse Sylvester E. Ackerman, who had been employed on the transport *Missouri*, was ordered to Brooklyn from the Presidio at San Francisco. Transportation and a sleeping-car section were furnished him. When he arrived, however, he charged the government fifty cents expense money, which he had spent on the tips to sleeping-car porters. This raised the question whether such tips are legitimate expenses, and after long delay and much red tape the Controller of the Treasury has ruled that the fifty cents should be paid.

\$7.50 Chicago and Return.



Here is a splendid opportunity to visit the second city in the United States at half what it would usually cost. These low rate tickets will be sold August 25th to 29th, inclusive. Limit, September 1st, under easy conditions will be extended to September 30th.

Three trains each way every day. Compartment Sleepers and Regular Sleepers on night trains 9:05 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. Parlor Car and Cafe and Library Car on day train 8:40 a. m. Free Reclining Chair Cars on all trains.

Wabash Ticket Office,
Broadway and Olive, S. E. Cor.

Don't you want a Follow-up System?

Don't

be ashamed of small things! Our second largest customer commenced advertising less than five years ago with \$200. We have developed at least six national advertisers since then starting with similar amounts. We handle big things too—our largest customer's appropriation proves that. The "follow up" systems which we install in our customers' offices enable them to gauge results and largely increase the value of advertising space.

Our 1909 Advertiser's Hand Book—40 pages of useful information—sent for 50 cents. If you don't want it when you get it, send it back and we will return the 50 cents.

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Magazines Newspapers
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LOVE IN INDIANA.

A new terror of courtship has been developed in the case of an Indiana brunette. For some days she had been suffering from a supposed attack of pleurisy, but, when Dr. S. F. Bordman was called in, he found that one of the young lady's ribs was fractured. After much questioning, the girl blushing admitted that her best beau had inflicted the injury while giving her his usual tender embrace before parting on his last visit. The occurrence of the accident was marked by a sharp pain in the side, "a catch in her breath," and a sudden relaxation of her hold.—*Chicago Medical Recorder*.

"My wife," boasted the happy young Benedict, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man; "I can't shut her up."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A Double Distinction: Cassidy—"Who are yez going to name him after? Kelly—" "Well, we're going to name him Patrick! Partly after St. Patrick, who drove all the snakes from Oireland; and partly after Pat Connolly, who drove all the Republicans out av th' Sixth Ward!"—*Puck*.

THE STOCK MARKET.

"Nothing startling" is the ordinary reply to inquiry for the news of the stock-market. The weather has been against the manifestation of all but the most briefly sporadic activity.

A good piece of news, though probably discounted, is that of a good increase of demand for money from country banks, but it is in order to remark that the crop news is not good. Drouth in the West, and too much rain in the Northwest are both reported, and this necessarily involves a revision of estimates of monetary activity in future crop-moving.

There are indications of a cessation of gold export. The treasury has disbursed heavily against the maturing two per cent bonds, and this means an early replenishment of the cash resources of the banks, depleted by recent shipments of the yellow metal. Foreign exchange is stationary. That means that there is no likelihood that the gold drain will soon be resumed. But there's no use being too hopeful. Europe needs money. England, Russia, Germany, are all determined to be ready for war. Expenditure on account of China is heavy, and England is still paying heavy bills for the purpose of trying to crush the forces of the Dutch Republics in South Africa. Several of the railroads have recently made showings of business beyond expectations of "the street," but the showings had no appreciable, permanent effect upon prices.

The market has been unsettled. Whatever spurts there have been have been wholly professional. The outsider is not going in to the market. Experts are playing things up and down. The shiftings of opinion are utterly inexplicable. Some folk believe that when the political campaign opens, after the hot spell, the Bryan party will make enough noise to scare the holders of securities and cause a slump. Undoubtedly, too, the fact has leaked out that the "interests" have not been putting up to the Hanna committee as freely as was expected they would. This implies over-confidence or opposition to Administration policies in unexpected quarters, and those are disquieting factors in the state of feeling in the market.

The death of John D. Flower, Monday, caused a slump in Brooklyn "Rotten Trolley," and also in People's Gas, but both stocks made a rally on the showing that the deceased brother of Roswell P. Flower was not a personage of much weight in the manipulation of the queer affairs of those concerns. General Electric has had a boom on the strength of gratifying forecasts of earnings to be announced in the next report. General Electric "has the world by the tail" in its line, and the only thing to look out for in pinning rosy hopes on the stock is the peculiarity of the men in charge. Atchison wavers a little, without much reason, and so do the so-called Grangers, but there is good support for most of the railway list. The tendency of Sugar is downward.

Industrials are "boosted" by the insiders, but the "boosting" is too plain to deceive the wary. The Industrials may be well supported, but when the campaign grows warm the Industrials are going to suffer. The Trusts will be scared, or at least investors in trusts are going to be scared by the warfare against the trust idea, and there will be a let down in due time. Of course the insiders desire to get the Industrials up as high as possible so as to get out at good terms, at the first sign of danger.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There was a good demand for various local bonds and also for tractions in the Tuesday market. One long Union Depot railroad 6 per cent bond sold at 121 $\frac{1}{4}$. The shorts were wanted at 100 $\frac{1}{4}$, with 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. One Brewing Association bond sold at 100 $\frac{1}{4}$. This was bid for more, with 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ asked. One Missouri-Edison 5 per cent bond sold at 93. More were offered at 94. A small lot of the preferred stock was offered at 53, with 50 bid.

Forty shares of St. Louis Transit stock sold at 20 $\frac{1}{2}$. This figure was bid for more, with 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. United Railway preferred was 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, 67 asked. The 4s were 84 bid, 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. St. Louis & Suburban Railway stock was 78 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, and the 5s were wanted at 104 $\frac{1}{2}$.

National Bank of Commerce was 240 bid. St. Louis Trust stock was 222 and Union 230 bid.

Granite-Bimetallic stock was quiet at \$2.15 bid, \$2.20 asked. American Nettie was \$1.22 $\frac{1}{2}$ bid, \$1.27 asked.

ALL ABOUT KANSAS.

The Sheldon Edition of the "Topeka Capital" had, among other interesting features, a few articles on "Kansas and Her Resources" written by Mr. F. D. Coburn, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, at the special request of the Rev. Editor pro tem. This series of articles, reprinted in attractive form, illustrated with half-tone engravings, is issued by the passenger department of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company. It contains as thorough and inclusive a description of prolific and progressive Kansas as one could find anywhere. Mr. Coburn has not attempted to give a glowing account of this great farming and stock raising State based on glittering generalities, but makes statistics the basis of his sketches. Apply to any Santa Fe Route agent for a copy.

NEW USE FOR TOADS.

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water-bugs we have heard of is related by a citizen of Schenectady, whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water-bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.

Ethel—"That detestable Mrs. Bloom said that I looked thirty." Maud—"How perfectly absurd!" Ethel (elated)—"Frankly, now, how old do you really think I look?" Maud—"About forty."—Tit-Bits.

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\$21.00

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At White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, Hot Springs, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia on limited tickets to or from the East.

Run down to the
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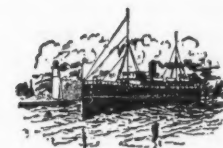
ATLANTIC CITY

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PHILADELPHIA

And get in the
swim.You can stop off
there for 10 days.GOOD FISHING,
BOATING
And BATHING
at
Old Point Comfort.

You can stop off there 10 days.

TO
New York
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Boston

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One way tickets, St. Louis to New York, \$23.50; St. Louis to Boston, \$25.50; both via Old Point Comfort, Norfolk and ocean steamer. Both are good ten days and to stop off, and include meals and state-room berth on steamer. Twenty-four hours at sea to New York; forty-four hours on the ocean to Boston; both charming trips.

THE COOLEST ROUTE to the East, and the grandest scenery east of the Rockies, through Sleeping and Dining Cars.

E. B. POPE,
Western Passenger Agent.Big Four Ticket Office, Corner Broadway
and Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

BETTING.

Many betting men are very superstitious, and attach importance to trifling omens. The *Westminster Gazette* tells a story of a Birmingham gun-maker who backed Daniel O'Rourke, the winner of the Derby in 1852, solely through seeing his son reading a book entitled "Daniel O'Rourke's Voyage to the Moon." "I took the tip at once," he would say when talking of the incident, and he was successful. A gentleman once backed Ellington, who won the Derby of '56, from the fact that he happened to see the "W" in the word "Wellington" obscured by the hand of a clock placed over the door of a London restaurant. It is also told of a commercial traveler, that he backed Doncaster through the simple expedient of writing the horses' names on pieces of paper, rolling them into pellets, throwing them against the wall, and backing the one which rebounded farthest, and which, as it happened, held the name of the winner of the Derby of 1874.

Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

The *Philadelphia*—"Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?" *Chicagoan* (proudly)—"Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world!"—*Indianapolis Press*.

Muriel—"Your brother proposed to me during the service in church last Sunday." Zoe—"You mustn't mind him. He often talks in his sleep."—*Smart Set*.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A VALUABLE MAP.

NEW AND OLD POSSESSIONS
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A new map, quite different from the old style of railroad map, is that just issued by the New York Central Lines.

Complete and accurate as to detail. Just the thing to use in studying the new geography of the United States.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



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TOILET
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THE OLD RELIABLE.
MATTHEWS'
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS
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314 OLIVE STREET.

SUMMER READING.

The Redemption of David Corson, Charles Goss, \$1.20; The Golden Horseshoe, Steven Bonnal, \$1.20; A Dream of a Throne, Charles Embree, \$1.20; Heart's Highway, M. E. Wilkins, \$1.20; The Baron's Sons, Jokai, \$1.20; Vengeance is Mine, Andrew Balfour, \$1.20; The Strength of Gideon, P. L. Dunbar, \$1.00.

JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit, **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. **STOP CHEWING!** Buy your own drugist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

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Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

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GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	Aprill, 1905	113 -115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	113 -115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 -103
" 4	J. D.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" S't'g. 100 (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106 -108
School 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1912	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1912	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1912	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1912	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg	1928	99 -100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	114 1/2 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 -113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	93 -94
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -92
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June, '00, 5 SA	201 -206
Boatmen's	100	June '00 8 1/2 SA	186 -190
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	170 -172
Fourth National	100	Nov '00, 5 p. c. SA	210 -212
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 8 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 2 SA	760 -800
International	100	July 1900, 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	200 -204
Merch.-Laclede	100	June 1902, 1 1/2 qy	150 -154
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1900, 2 1/2 qy	240 -246
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	134 -136
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 -166
Third National	100	June 1900, 1 1/2 qy	146 -147

*Quoted 100 for par.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. We are connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '99, S.A. 3	145 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '00, 2 1/2 qy	252 -294
St. Louis	100	Apr. '00, 1 1/2 qy	322 -230
Union	100	Nov., '98, 5	230 -235
Mercantile	100		250 -252

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Oct. '93 4	100 --
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	1905 '05 -107
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 '05 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 -117
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	1912 98 -100
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1902 98 -100
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 -100
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 --
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis	Apr 00 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		78 -80
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 -117
do Incomes 5s		91 -93
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 109 -111
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Monnd City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	July '00 1 1/2	66 1/2 -67
" 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	84 -85
St. Louis Transit		20 1/2 -21

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	43 -44

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	11 -12
" Pfd.	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	55 -56
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	July 1900 1 1/2	16 -17
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	63 -64
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co	100	Mar. 1900, MO.	125 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl-Metal	100		215 -220
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Mar., '00, 2 SA	75 -76
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		52 -53
Mo. Edison com.	100		17 -18
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July '00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdwr Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	113 -115
Simmons do pf.	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	139 -141
Simmons do 2 pf.	100		138 -141
St. Joseph L. Co	10	June '99 1 1/2 qy	13 -14
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c	67 -68
St. L. Brew Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 -3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	July 1900, 7 1/2	180 -181

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,
Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

BASE BALL.

At the umpire's call, "Foul ball! foul ball!"
She queried, "And what's a foul?"
And "Why do they yell so, Will? Please tell,"
When the crowd began to howl.
"He's out," Will said. "Who's out?" she plead.
"The batter—he fanned, you see."
"He fanned! Which man? And where is the fan?"
What kind of a fan?" cried she.
"Now what is the score?" she asked once more
(For the fiftieth time, alack!)
"Oh, isn't it fun! Just see him run—
But why do they send him back?
A foul? I know. But he knocked it so!
And doesn't it count a bit?
That's a perfect shame! What a stupid game!
How far does he have to hit?"

"And what are flies? And how many tries
Does he have at striking out?
He died on third—what a horrid word!
Oh, what are they yelling about?
The game is done? Who won? Who won?
We shut them out? What then?
Now what is the score? I just adore
Base-ball! Let's go again."

—Judge.

BUSINESS SITUATION.

A rise in the stock market in the face of large exports of gold is an unwonted phenomenon, but it is explainable by the fact of dullness in the money market so extreme that an expulsion of a part of our surplus capital is felt as a relief. Further evidence is found in the fact that the entire British loan was oversubscribed in this market, and that the large subscribers were allotted only one-half of their subscriptions, the smaller ones getting about 60 per cent. The truth must be acknowledged that business is not good, and that the boasted prosperity which was to carry the Republicans to an easy victory this year has disappeared. It may reappear in the early autumn—we are inclined to think that it will—but, for the time being, stagnation exists. Manufacturers are running on half time, or closing temporarily, in order to work off surplus products, and perhaps to stave off disputes about wages. Some part of this stagnation is due to the political campaign itself. A Presidential year is always relatively a dull year. Yet this summer is duller than the corresponding period of 1896, although the danger arising from currency madness was greater then than it is now. Probably the inevitable reaction from the tremendous speculations of the early part of 1899 has come somewhat sooner than it was expected, but fortunately it was not ushered in by a money panic. If this be the true explanation, the reaction must work its own cure.

Nobody can do anything about it. Things must take their own course.—Nation.

THE SHIRT-WAIST.

This talk in the big city newspapers of the shirt-waist man seems odd to the dwellers in country towns and in the rural regions. Out here this reform was instituted long ago. We have quit dressing like London and Berlin and more like Havana and Calcutta. From June to September the members of the no-coat society are numerous. But these are not shirt-waist men but shirt-sleeved. And these are really the originators of the shirt-waist.

The reform has only just now struck the cities and the pent-up denizens there are making as much of a fuss over it as a hen with one chicken. All reforms start out in the backwoods. Reformers are born in the country. Great men come from the farm not from the city street. It is not strange, therefore, that the shirt-waist man should be merely a development of the countryman in his shirt sleeves and "one-gallused."

Years ago it was not a great breach of decorum in the pioneer communities in Missouri for men to go about in a single garment, a tow shirt of ample dimensions. Sam Cole was thus arrayed when he swam the Missouri river to court his sweetheart—and he won her, too. Who knows but that we are coming back to these days when Missourians were all "so happy and so poor."—Columbia Herald.

LEGAL VERBIAGE.

"If I were to give you an orange," said Judge Foote, of Topeka, to D. O. McCray, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange,' but should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing, he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, suck or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits, anything herein before or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'"

"A woman doesn't always have the last word, does she?" "Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."—Life.

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Rolla Wells,

TO BECOME A FLUENT GOLFER.

A good golfer is not only born, but manufactured, and you should begin as soon after you are born as possible.

If a man has a natural aptitude for languages, does not belong to any church, is willing to give up his business, his family, and his friends, can swear in all the octaves, and has seen me play, there is no reason why he should not be able to write articles about golf for any magazine in a few years.

To begin with, you should learn how to swing. Before you have learned to swing, do not try to hit the ball. You will probably not be able to afterward, but that is another story. Secure one of my drivers—the most expensive one is the best and carry it around with you wherever you go. While you are about it, you may as well get a complete set of my clubs. Put them in a bag and never part from them. They will give you a distinguished appearance. When on a car or ferry-boat or the street, the maker's name should always be on the outside.

After you have practiced sufficiently with the driver, and know, beyond all doubt, that you will never be able to hit a ball with it more than once in three times, then take up the other clubs. It is better not to learn all their names at once, but one at a time. In this way you will be able to fit a set of swear words to each club as you go along.

No matter what kind of a shot you are playing—whether your ball is at the bottom of a duck-pond or lodged in a tall tree—always fix your mind on some spot where you are willing to bet a thousand to one your ball will not go, and then do your best not to put it there.

Do not pitch your ball when you are making an approach shot. Tar and feather it; or, better still, if there is no other player near to see, and your caddie is hunting for mushrooms, take the shot over again.

Putting is one of the most important parts of golf. You can lose more strokes on the putting-green, if you try hard not to, than anywhere else. Always stay on the putting-green as long as possible after you have holed out. Talk it over, and explain how near you came to the colonel if you had not made such a blankety-blank idiot of yourself. The other players back of you, who have been waiting, will appreciate this. It helps them to keep an even temper, which is necessary to a golfer.

Never try to put a twist on your ball with your club. Try to twist the club, and if that does not work, bang it on the ground, knock it up against a tree, or hammer it across your shins. Remember that it always costs more to replace a club than it does a ball, and one of the reasons for playing golf at all is to see how much money you can spend in a given time.

Never be discouraged because you happen to start out well. Sometimes a man can keep it up for three or four holes more.

Above all things do not lose sight of the fact that golf is the most important influence of your life. When you are not playing talk about it. You will be surprised how, in a short time, everything else will assume its relative value, and golf will be to you in its true light—the only real thing in the world worth living for.—*Life*.

The tomato in England not long ago was a luxury for the rich or for the few who had acquired the tomato taste, but to-day it is almost as common as the potato. The London Board of Trade at length recognizes

this fact that by taking the tomato imports away from "unenumerated vegetables," and placing them in a class by themselves. The imports for the first six months of this year amounted to 16,389 tons, and their value is declared £331,302. That in round figures is £1 per cwt., which is less than 2½d per lb.

THE CITIES AND THE NATION.

One hundred years ago there were only six cities in this country with over 10,000 inhabitants, says a pamphlet sent out by the Municipal Association of Cleveland, Ohio, an organization of tax payers to secure good government.

The founders of our government never dreamed of the possibilities of city growth that the century has realized.

New York City to-day has a greater population than the Colonies had when the war of independence was declared.

There are cities to-day that are more populous than States.

The growth of cities, in the old countries as well as in this, is something very new and modern, something surprising, something unique in history.

The tendency has been and is now for population to centre in our cities. The cities are becoming greater, and there is no limit, apparently, to their growth.

The city governments of the United States have been scandalous and shameful. City officials have been largely selected by and through agencies whose sole aim is corruption for selfish purposes. We read so much and so often of municipal corruption, of boodle legislation, of contract-jobbing and machine politics, that we grow callous on the subject and, feeling that what is the business of everybody, is the business of nobody, we sit down helplessly, declaim feebly against the iniquity of city politics, and when the time comes for a city election take the candidates our party offers us and trust to Providence to see us through safely.

As the cities grow in population they grow in political importance, and it is being clearly seen now that the existence of our national institutions depends upon the government of our cities. The city political machines send delegates to state and national conventions in such number and with such trading power as to control these great councils.

Do we want our city governments run on political lines?

Do we want our national political councils dominated by the manipulators of the city machines?

The whole duty of changing present municipal conditions rests upon the intelligence and activity of citizens who have no political axes to grind. There is no more reason why politics should govern the operation of our city institutions than there is that it should govern the conduct of a railway corporation, a benevolent institution, or a bank.

National issues should not determine the selection of municipal officers.

Machine politics in municipal questions means dollars and cents to this or that clique of contractors or franchise grabbers, and votes are bought and sold like commodities in the market place. Citizenship is degraded. When votes have a market price, popular government becomes despicable.

In the nature of an obstacle: Guide—"This is Bunker Hill." Visiting Briton (also a golfer)—"Ah! that was a bunker, to be sure!"—*Puck*.

REPARTEE.

At a New England society dinner some years ago, Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address, when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both hands down his trouser pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

IN MISSOURI.

When John Robinson's show exhibited at Clinton recently a man with his wife and child appeared at the ticket office and the man called for one ticket. After it had been handed out to him he turned to his wife, who looked as if she were accustomed to that sort of treatment, and said: "You get in the best way you can."

No Cooler Spot in Town Than
FOREST PARK Highlands
Hopkins' Pavilion.

Among the Artists This Week Are:

The Moulliere Sisters,

Rudolf and Carola,

JOSEPHINE GASSMAN,

The Prettiest and Jolliest of All the Coon Song Singers.

THE NEWSBOY'S QUINETTE,
and others.

Admission to Theater 10c.

Reserved seats 25c.

UHRIG'S CAVE.

Spencer Opera Co.,

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, Prima Donna.

This Week. Saturday Matinee.

TRIPLE BILL.

Seats on sale at A. A. Aal's, 515 Locust, and Ostertag Bros., 2336 Washington avenue.

DELMAR 10c 25c 50c

THIS WEEK,

HENRY E. DIXEY

IN ADONIS.

SEE THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE
AND STEEPLECHASE.

Reserved seats at Bollman Bros., 1100 Olive st.

RACES Fair Grounds To-Day
6 HIGH-CLASS RACES.

Racing begins 2:30 sharp, rain or shine.

ADMISSION, INCLUDING GRAND STAND, \$1.00.

CONCERT BY BAFUNNO'S BAND.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

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NEXT WEEK,

The Funny Nawns,

In a New Sketch.

Flatt and Sutherland,

Fred Warren and Al Blanchard

and a big Specialty Bill.

Admission, Free. Reserved Seats, 10c and 25c

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Wash Goods,

25 pieces 32-inch light ground Satteen, in fancy designs, suitable for house wrappers and draperies, were 20c, now $7\frac{1}{2}c$

Suitings

40-inch Fancy Mix Suitings, all-wool filling, were 49c, now $25c$

Silks

Only a few pieces of those Silks that were slightly soiled by water, regular \$1.00 Silk for $49c$

Black Goods

Black Lawns, grenadine effect, 20c quality, now $7\frac{1}{2}c$

36-inch Plain Black French Lawn, regular 25c quality, now, to close $15c$

Corsets

J. B., medium waist, short hip, fancy Satteen Corsets, broken assortments of \$1.00 and \$1.25, now $50c$

Clothing

Boys' Stripe Alpaca Unlined Coats, sizes 14 to 19 years, were 85c, special at $49c$

Ties

Ladies' White P. K. String Ties, were 7 1-2c each, now $2\frac{1}{2}c$

Collars

Embroidered Band Collars, all sizes and styles, cut from 25c each to $10c$

Waists

95 dozen Ladies' Wash Waists, white, black, stripes, figures; same trimmed with insertion, some with lace, some tucked; all made in the very latest styles; were \$2.50 to \$3.98—
Our special price $98c$

Suits

Special bargains in Ladies' Fine Jacket Suits, all tailor made, in Homespuns, Serges, Cheviots, and some Fine English Checks, were \$15.00 to \$20.00, special price $$6.98$

Lace Curtains

500 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains, manufacturers' seconds, regular value \$1.00 to \$1.75 a pair, now $65c$

White Goods

Embroidered Swisses, white ground, with red, black and blue dot, were 20c, to clear $10c$

Linens

150 pieces Loom Damask Toweling, dice pattern, red border, 18 inches wide, were 8 1-3c a yard, now $5c$

100 dozen All-Linen Damask Fringed Towels, size 15x30, cost to import 10c each, sale price $7\frac{1}{2}c$

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN.

The shirt-waist man is coming—he is strutting into view,
His smile of satisfaction shows he's made his mind up, too.
He wears a look that marks the soul by coolest comfort blest,
He doesn't care what people think—he's doffed his coat and vest,
And now he is devising diplomatic means and ways
Of introducing pantaloons to wear on rainy days.

The shirt-waist man is here to stay; full well he plainly sees
That fashion's dictates have shut off a lot of pleasant breeze;
And if he takes a notion that he wants it made that way
He'll have his shirt designed and cut in bold decollete,
And trousers built for rainy days he'll order next—that's what,
And wear them all the summer through, if there is rain or not.

The shirt-waist man—hurrah for him. Now let him set the pace,
And give some cooler clothing to one-half the human race.
Let's have the shirt-waists with short sleeves and lace insertion, so
They'll catch the faintest sort of breeze that e'er was known to blow.
And don't forget, O, tailorman, you must abbreviate
The trousers, so that all the man may be in coolest state.

The shirt-waist man! Make way for him! He's coming at full speed,
He marks the suffrage movement that the men-folks sadly need.
Hereafter we'll not be afraid of women's scoffs and sneers
If we forsake the collar that so hotly saws our ears,
And, furthermore, in stern demand, let our voices raise,
And call for trousers we can wear in peace on rainy days.

—Baltimore American.

HIS FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

[He takes his seat at the table, and steals a glance at the toast-list.]

"Third from the last speaker—and a twelve-course dinner to be lived through first. Great Caesar! Well—maybe I'll die before we get to it. Hope so, I'm sure.

"Elegant oysters, but no taste to 'em. Perhaps it's my tongue—it feels sort of blurred.

"Soup looks all right, but I don't seem to notice it as it goes down.

"*'Ladies and Gentlemen'*—no, no—I mean—*'Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen.'* Wonder if I look pale? Feel pale, I'm sure. Glad I got a fishbone in my throat just then. It changed the current of my thoughts for a time, and eased up some of the pressure on my brain. Besides it headed off the man on my left from asking me questions which I haven't mind enough to spare to answer.—*'There's a little story which comes to my mind, as I rise to address you.'* By the Lord Harry, how did that story begin? Suppose it shouldn't come to my mind!

"Is this game? Shouldn't know it from chicken-feed. Am I eating like a civilized being, or am I ramming it down the way I used to do when I knew a thrashing was waiting for me after dinner? Wish that idiot across the table wouldn't look at the parting of my hair so often. Wonder if I got it crooked after all?

"Used the wrong fork for my oysters, it becomes evident. Got to use oyster-fork now for the roast. Glad my wife isn't here; glad I've got one thing left to be glad for. *'There can be no question that the issues which are involved in this matter of'* that's not

right. *'There can be no issue involved in this question which is not—'* By Jove, but this room is infernally hot! *'There can be no question involved in this issue'*—oh, which way does the confounded thing go?

"While I eat this salad, I'm going to think this thing out calmly. I certainly know this speech by heart; I've gone to bed, and got up with it, too long to forget it now. There's no use in my getting rattled. *'There can be no question that this matter involves issues'*—confound it, why can't that man let me alone? He may have nothing to do but eat his dinner and ask fool questions of men who have something on their minds.

"By Jove, we're getting pretty well through! My mouth is as dry as sawdust; nothing seems to moisten it up. Never knew I had palpitation of the heart—but I got it now, sure. I'll see the doctor in the morning, if I'm alive—which I doubt.

"Guess I won't smoke; don't think I could hold my hand steady to light up. I'll have to take out more insurance if I've got heart disease—if I can get any company to take my risk.

"Great heaven! we've got to the toasts. First man looks as calm as mud. Wish I could just look that way, whether I said much of anything or not. But I don't. I look all colors—blue, just now, I think.

"Second man up! Three more before me. Wish I could go home. Afraid I forgot to applaud Number One. Must remember that this time.

"Two more! If my knees shake like this, I can't stand on my legs, that's all. I see my finish; I shall fall over and be carried out, and that'll be the best thing that could happen—so long as nobody gets onto it. One more! George Thomson, when that man sits down you've got to get up. Oh, why can't I go home? I've had enough of this. I believe I'll—I'll run away—NOW!

"He's getting through; *'The questions involved in this issue—The issues involved in this question—Ladies and—Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: As I rise to address you—as I rise to address you, a little story comes to my mind—'* My mind! I's a perfect blank—absolute. He's sitting down! Oh, I wish I were being hanged—I do, I DO!—*'Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies'*—or being shot for a deserter, or being wrecked on a barren island. Now, it's COME! He's calling on ME! They're looking at me! I know my necktie's under one ear—I know it—but I can't help it now; it's too late—everything's too late. Here I go. SPEAK, George Thompson! SPEAK, you fool!"

[Aloud]—*'Mr. Toastmaster—L—l—and Gentlemen—'*—Grace S. Richmond, in Truth.

Thousands of Mauser rifles have been brought into China in coffins supposed to contain the bones of deceased Chinese being returned for interment in their native land. George Wyndham, under Secretary of State for War, recently announced that since 1895 English firms had sold to the Chinese Government 71 guns of position, 123 field-guns, and 297 machine-guns, with ammunition for each class. He also said that a German firm, in 1899, sold China 460,000 Mausers. Russian advices are to the effect that 900,000 Mausers have been imported within the last three years.

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TRIED TO UNRAVEL HIM.

A young lady attended church Sunday evening and sat directly behind a tall, handsomely dressed stranger with a piece of raveling hanging over his coat collar. Being of an accommodating disposition—one of the generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town—she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father if he should come to church with a raveling hanging down his back, so when the audience arose for prayer, she concluded to pick it off. Carefully raising her hand she gave it a little twitch, but there was more of it than she supposed, and a foot or two of the thread appeared. Setting her teeth she gave another pull, and about a yard of the horrid thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but being determined she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unraveling his undershirt. Her embarrassment was so painful that chloroform could not have alleviated her sufferings, nor a pint of powder hidden her blushes, when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.—Glenwood, Mo., Phonograph.

POTATOES READY-BAKED.

Near Binghamton, N. Y., farmers are digging baked potatoes from their fields. And that is not a hot weather yarn either. The farms in question adjoin a peat bog and the peat runs back under the land. Recently the bog took fire from some source and has been burning ever since. In places the fire has worked back under the potato patches and the potatoes have been nicely roasted in the ground.

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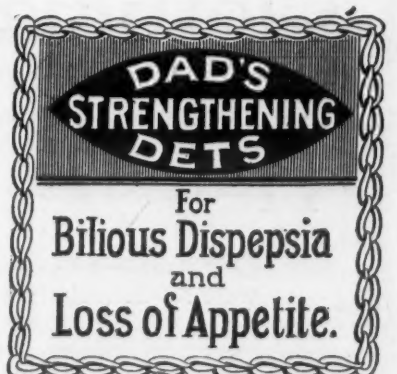
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" Buffalo.....	2:56 am	6:18 am	7:30 pm
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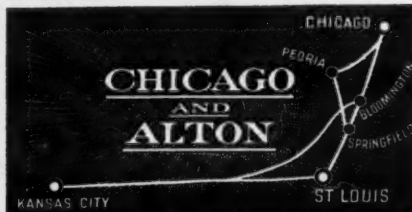
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